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Dingle Foot

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London Diary
Sir Gerald Barry

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Marcel Proust
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Selwyn Lloyd's Cosmology

THE manner of Mr Krushchev's descent on Washington was devastatingly characteristic of modern Soviet civilisation. The immense resources of Soviet rocketry were marshalled to bring off the near-impossibility of a successful Moon-shot to coincide with his arrival. They succeeded, and Mr Nixon's sour allegation that three similar shots failed merely underlines the magnitude of the achievement. The American people were troubled and impressed—as their sombre welcome showed—but the effect was slightly spoilt, as the press was quick to note, by the unflattering array of dowdy garments worn by the Krushchev womenfolk as they stepped off their jet. Here was the twin face of Communism: an unrivalled ability to reach out into the technological future; a startling indifference to the creature comforts of the present.

It is vitally important that Mr Krushchev be made to recognise this curious dichotomy. In the past few years many of the West's most dangerous illusions about Russia have disappeared; the popular image now corresponds approximately to reality—and with this readjustment the notions of preventive war and 'rollback' have become discredited; indeed, the invitation to Krushchev is itself proof that America is now prepared to accept Russia as a powerful and permanent factor in world affairs. There are few signs that there has been any such readjustment on the part of the Soviet leaders. Along with most of his colleagues, Mr Krushchev shows a disquieting ignorance of the nature and achievements of modern welfare capitalism, or of the high level of acceptance it has secured even among the lower-paid workers. Now, for the first time, he has the opportunity to study this system in its most advanced form. This, far more than his conversations with Mr Eisenhower, should be the prime purpose of his visit. He must learn to recognise that people today expect their rulers to give them not only the Moon but a consumer's paradise on earth; and that the latter is impossible without a degree of political liberty. If Krushchev grasps this, he may realise that the age of co-existence involves competition not merely in production figures but also in political institutions. The ability to choose a dress is ultimately linked with the right to choose a party.

The fact is that both American capitalism and Soviet Communism have much to offer the coming generations—and more in competition than in isolated growth. Indeed, this week's confrontation of two dynamic societies strikingly emphasises the stagnant backwater in which Britain swings idly to and fro. 'I don't think people are terribly interested in rockets,' was Mr Lloyd's comment on the Moon-shot, thus dismissing the most remarkable physical achievement in human history. The phrase is worthy of the man, and enough words have already been wasted on the cosmic limitations of our Foreign Secretary. The real tragedy is that Selwyn Lloyd's view of the world is shared by the great majority of his colleagues. Not for them the fierce challenge of competitive endeavour which gives both America and Russia vitality. Obsessed by stability and tradition, regarding novelty with deep repugnance, their reaction to the space-age is simply to shut it out of their minds.

Indeed, within the past few months, they have succeeded to a frightening degree in permeating the British electorate with their own complacency and antipathy to change. The Tory election manifesto itself is a straightforward plea for continuity—Britain has never been so prosperous; any change must therefore be for the worse. But what are the facts? Our rate of growth is below not only that of the two giants but also of our despised European neighbours. Since 1953, *per capita* output in Little Europe has risen two and a half times faster than in Britain. We should end 1959 with a four to five per cent. increase. Here, this is regarded as a miracle; in west Europe it is merely the average for the past decade. Moreover, this modest rise follows four years of stagnation—in some sectors, outright decline—and already there is talk in London banking circles that our economy is being 'pushed too hard'. One good year in five: this may be good enough for people who are not 'terribly interested' in getting to the Moon. It cannot be good enough for Britain.

Comments on the Week's News

The Two Campaigns

The election campaign gets fully under way this week-end with the publication of the Labour manifesto. Meanwhile the general lines on which the battle is likely to be fought are becoming clearer. Labour is seeking to hammer home its formidable indictment of the government's colonial policy and at the same time to establish the general validity of its two-pronged economic attack – that the present wave of prosperity, which is affecting the whole western world, is, in the first place, not being prudently exploited by the government to fortify our economy while conditions are easy, and secondly is not being fairly shared among the underprivileged sections of the community. The Labour television broadcast of last week – singularly inept though it was in technique and presentation – was at least an attempt to argue this case. On the other side, the Tory campaign so far seems designed to cash in on the Summit and on the boom and to smear the Labour Party with dark hints but as little controversial argument as possible. Dr Hill's notorious broadcast sounded the keynote for this; and Sir David Eccles followed it up this week with his hint that industrialists might greet the Labour government by refusing to invest in Merseyside. The Tory strategy in brief is to engender fear without rousing political excitement; and the purpose of this is probably to ensure a low poll. For the truth is that contrary to Tory propagandists, the result of this election is by no means a foregone conclusion. It is safe to conclude from the experience of the past that Labour will, between now and polling day, very substantially close the Gallup gap – even if it does not take the lead in public opinion. Moreover, the intervention of the Liberals, however accurately their appeal can be measured as a trend, is largely unpredictable in individual constituencies. The election therefore, instead of being a mass demonstration of confidence in Mr Macmillan, may well be determined by the success with which each side can get its supporters to the poll in about 100 marginal districts. For the first time in history the Labour Party is fighting this election with an up-to-date and reasonably efficient machine; despite its disadvantages in the number of cars and salaried organisers, it may well be as efficient as its rivals in the crucial constituencies. The result therefore is genuinely in doubt; and many of the 'all-over-bar-the-shouting' school of forecasters will be hedging their bets before polling day.

Eccles on Unemployment

Sir David Eccles has now expanded on the Conservative manifesto's promise that 'our first major bill in the next parliament will be one to remodel and strengthen our powers for coping with local unemployment'. Remodelling involves the repeal of the Distribution of Industries Acts. Strengthening involves their replacement by a comprehensive statute in which five main points will be incorporated. The system of Industrial Development Certificates will be retained; a list of places will be published to which the government wishes industry to go; new capital grants will be given to industrialists who wish to build factories of their own in areas of local unemployment, while government factories will still be let below economic cost; all different kinds of aid for factory buildings, plant and machinery will be brought under one administration in the Board of Trade; and powers will be sought to clear derelict sites, when clearing them will attract new industry. No one will cavil at any scheme to attract industries to areas of local unemployment. A policy, however, which involves the repeal – by Tories – of the very legislation which has been principally responsible for bringing new industries to the traditionally hard-hit parts of the country, can scarcely be regarded without suspicion. Suspicions harden when one considers other aspects of Sir David's programme. It has been open to the government for the past eight years to ask for powers to clear derelict sites in industrial areas and make them attractive to potential factory builders, but nothing has been done. (Perhaps Sir David was impressed when Mr Douglas Jay suggested such powers in his Labour Party report, earlier this year, on the problems of high local unemployment?) There is, in fact, nothing in this new promise which suggests that the Conservative Party will be any more successful in persuading industry to go to these areas than it has been during its term of office. Industrialists are reluctant to move from the conurbations, but most of the communities that need work are peripheral. Naturally, they would prefer workers to come flocking to them. With the best will in the world it is hard to believe that a party which has consistently allowed the machinery of social planning to run down is suddenly going to reverse this process, especially when its policy involves the repeal of one of the most useful pieces of this machinery.

Makarios and Grivas

Archbishop Makarios has now refused to publish his evidence of the alleged plot to assassinate him, and has thus rejected the condition laid down by General Grivas for a meeting of reconciliation. It therefore seems unlikely that this meeting will take place, particularly since, in his statement, the Archbishop for the first time attacked Grivas by name. Does this mean that the dispute will come out into the open, with no holds barred? Not necessarily. As Grivas well knows, Makarios enjoys overwhelming popular support in Cyprus: indeed both men are manœuvring for position in the knowledge that Grivas can make no effective challenge without first winning back the active allegiance of Greek Cypriots. At present he is held in veneration for his past achievements (somewhat as Sir Winston Churchill was in 1945), but there is no evidence that any significant section of opinion – apart from the Communists, who will not make trouble this side of independence – is prepared to call in serious question the Archbishop's handling of the negotiations to implement the London Agreement. It is relevant that the Bishop of Kyrenia, Grivas's principal political spokesman in the island, is to some extent distrusted by the most devoted supporters of Enosis; and some others of Grivas's personal lieutenants are now working harmoniously with Makarios. Grivas's recognition of these basic facts is suggested by his grudging admission that he now accepts the London Agreement as a *fait accompli* and is critical only of the methods by which Makarios is implementing it. Until there is a reconciliation, Makarios is bound to feel somewhat exposed on his flank. But, unless he is guilty of some uncharacteristic error of judgment – or his position is made impossible by intransigence by either the British or the Turks – he will probably outstay and outmanœuvre the politically lightweight and ham-fisted Grivas.

The End of the Worker Priests

The publication by *Le Monde* of the letter sent to Cardinal Feltin by Cardinal Pizzardo, Secretary to the Holy Office, provides a fascinating glimpse of the authoritarian machinery of the Roman Catholic Church. One of the reasons why the French cardinals and their allies supported the candidacy of Pope John XXIII last year was that they understood he would approve the development of the worker priest movement in France. This had come under heavy criticism during the last years of Pius XII, and the worker priests had been forbidden to take jobs which involved more than three hours of work per day. Early this summer, it seems, Cardinal Feltin urged that this decision be reversed. But when the Holy Office met on 10 June, it not merely rejected Feltin's request but forbade all priests to undertake any factory or manual work whatsoever. Feltin saw the Pope the next day, but was told the decision could not be reversed (it was confirmed at a further meeting on 24 June); he was nevertheless invited to submit a memorandum on the subject. This Feltin did, and Cardinal Pizzardo's letter, dated 3 July, is an acknowledgment of the memorandum, which rejects not only its conclusions but also its premises. The worker priests, it says, must be disbanded: (1) because work is incompatible with their sacerdotal duties; (2) because they may become corrupted by materialism and the class struggle. In any case, it says, they are unnecessary because the assumption that French workers have become 'de-Christianised' is false: 'it is difficult to regard as totally de-Christianised masses of men of whom a very great number have received the sacred and indelible mark of baptism'. No doubt the Vatican has been impressed by recent statistics of visitors to Lourdes, Lisieux and other French pilgrimage centres. The Holy Office might note another set of figures. A fortnight ago, a week-end Communist fête at Meudon, sponsored by *l'Humanité*, attracted well over half a million Parisians – 350,000 on a Sunday afternoon alone. On that Sunday morning, the French railway authorities calculate, over 100,000 people left the Gare Montparnasse for the fête, breaking the record for morning departures from any one station. The immense majority of these people, who had sacrificed their Sunday devotions to further the Communist cause, had, of course, received 'the sacred and indelible mark of baptism'.

The Tibetan Frontier

The Indian White Paper on Sino-Indian relations published on 7 September dealt only with the exchange of notes and agreements between the two governments from 1954 to 1959. It would seem highly desirable now to publish the records of the Simla Conference before charges and countercharges in the Indian and Chinese press have further soured relations between the two countries. The Indian case is that the McMahon Line was accepted by Britain and Tibet – at a time when China was willing to recognise a Tibetan plenipotentiary; further that China did not protest against the McMahon Line but against the line drawn on its own frontier with inner Tibet. They add that in any case the line has been sanctioned by use and custom. The Chinese case, stated at the National People's Congress Standing Committee last week and repeated by party newspapers and organisations, is that the McMahon Line was the result of British imperial-

ism against Tibet, and that it was never recognised by China: recent events – and they accuse Indians of intrusion – are being exploited by anti-Chinese elements in India, including the Dalai Lama, to enforce India's unilateral position. With more relevance the Chinese refer to Indian and British maps which wholly ignore the McMahon Line and show as outside the Indian frontier large areas that they now claim. In particular a Chinese cartographer referred to the *Oxford Advanced Atlas* which (as late as 1936 in its fifth edition) seemed to correspond with the Chinese maps. In further confirmation the Chinese quote statements and letters by British officials who were present at Simla. Without the full documents the angry argument may be interminable. It is some comfort that the Chinese Foreign Minister, Chen Yi, has welcomed Mr Nehru's desire for a peaceful settlement of the frontier dispute.

Unnecessary and Disruptive ?

The Soviet note suggesting that the 1954 Geneva Conference should be reconvened to deal with the Laotian situation is sensible – but, in the circumstances, necessarily abortive. The Americans will not in 1959 agree to sit down to a conference with Peking; indeed, the State Department has already declared that, with the issue in the hands of the UN, the Russian proposal is 'unnecessary and disruptive'. It adds, disregarding the total lack of proof of foreign intervention to date, that the solution 'is not to be found in international conferences but in the cessation of intervention and subversion in the kingdom of Laos'. This pre-judges the issue which the fact-finding commission set up by the UN has been sent out to verify. The commission, not unnaturally in view of what amounts to ridicule by the State Department, is divided about whether it shall take its job seriously. Some want to visit the trouble areas; others apparently think it useless or unnecessary. If the commission stays in Vientiane, it will not have much to go on except the propaganda statements of the Laos government.

Water, Water Everywhere

For many years it has been a wry joke in some areas of Britain that a week of rain produces floods and a week of drought produces standpipes. But this year there is little joking in parts of Lancashire, where mills and factories face a shut-down because their water supplies are being stopped, or in the farm lands of Lincolnshire where there is not enough water even to cool the milk, or in Derbyshire and Yorkshire where moorland fires are being left to burn unchecked. In parts of Devon and Cornwall, where all water is already cut off during the night and where supplies are dwindling fast, the authorities are thinking of the even greater danger of epidemic. Of course this has been a dry summer, especially so in the last two months. During August, for example, Lancashire's rainfall was less than five per cent. of the average for the month and London is down by half. Yet, while Lancashire is going without baths and beginning to go without work, London is still comparatively comfortable, and this suggests that it is not so much the drought as the organisation of supplies which causes such serious difficulties in many areas. Water supplies in this country are in the hands of a hotch-potch of public boards, municipal undertakings and private companies. Co-operation between the three, which might enable an area where supplies are plentiful to help an area where supplies are scarce, is only rudimentary; some areas are still too poor to finance the building of all the reservoirs they really need and some private companies, compelled to meet the interest charges on their stock, still hesitate to launch expensive schemes which, in scattered country areas, will not bring an adequate return. Besides a rainfall which in ordinary years is high, Britain has huge supplies of water below the ground which could be pumped to the surface and distributed without fantastic cost. Here is a service which, by any test, ought to be organised on a national basis; but in the past even the Labour Party has been content to advocate nationalisation without carrying it out. This summer provides another lesson which none of the parties – regardless of dogma – should be allowed to forget.

Nuclear Disarmament Week

The organisers of the current Nuclear Disarmament Week are pleased by the way it has gone. Last Sunday's picket in Whitehall by theatrical celebrities gave it a well-publicised start. In the provinces there has been support strong enough – 2,000 tickets were sold for a public meeting in Bedford alone – to lend some substance to the claim that the campaign can attract a better turn-out than political candidates. The Week, originally planned to focus attention on the H-bomb at the party conferences, has now turned out to be sufficiently close to the general election to be even more effective. It should put campaigners in good heart to carry out their plan of asking questions about nuclear disarmament at every political meeting. This, along with a questionnaire now being prepared which will be sent to all candidates to discover their views, and the suggestion that people should work for those of their own party candidates who support, or come near to supporting, the campaign policy, will be their most direct intervention in the election. There is no intention of putting up parliamentary candidates nor of canvassing a vote veto. *Strategy for Survival* (Penguin; 2s. 6d.) by Wayland Young, also appearing this week, should arm the questioners with the necessary information about national and international policies to disturb candidates. Its sub-title is: *First Steps in Nuclear Disarmament*. Meanwhile the Week winds up this week-end with rallies in most provincial centres – there are 350 groups organising some kind of meeting – and on Sunday in Trafalgar Square. Its last event is the midnight show in the Festival Hall, with its galaxy of top-line stars, next Monday (21 September) and not on Sunday, 20 September, as we said in error in our last week's issue.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Krushchev Week

The United States this week resembles a middle-class household in which the eldest daughter is about to have her wedding. All the major preoccupations, all the usual public concerns and anxieties, have been put aside until the great event is over. This is Mr Krushchev's Week and, unlike Eat-A-Cookie Week, Captive Nations Week and similar promotions dear to the hearts of advertising men and politicians, it is being widely and excitedly observed. The prayers of the pious, the protests of the Eastern European refugees, the political demonstrations of extreme right-wing groups (plus a sprinkling of liberals), and the trumpetings of the mass media have contributed the necessary atmosphere of synthetic drama. (One television network assured the public in large advertisements that, except when the Russian dictator was closeted with the President or asleep in bed, it would have its cameras trained upon him twenty-four hours a day.) Invitations to Krushchev to visit towns and cities, inspect factories, farms, and natural wonders, and even to attend church services, have rained in on the State Department and the Russian embassy for weeks.

No man contributed more to the advance build-up of the Krushchev tour than Mr Eisenhower himself. He is not fond of making television addresses, but he went before the cameras last week for fifteen minutes ostensibly to report on his European trip but in fact to forestall slowly rising criticism of the invitation to Krushchev and to put the latter's arrival in the most favourable possible public relations context. To an extraordinary degree, the President appears to be hinging his personal prestige and the reputation in history of his administration on his post-Dulles venture in personal diplomacy. He characterised it as 'my profound hope that some real progress will be forthcoming'. His striving for some dramatic achievement, for some definably personal contribution to the struggle for peace, imparts an unexpected glow of renascent glamour to the closing year of his presidential term.

The broad front of public opinion in the country, except for certain small factions, is generally favourable to Eisenhower's initiative. There is a widely shared desire to close ranks behind the President and to give his Iron Curtain visitor a courteous welcome. But behind the scenes, opinion is sharply divided as to the significance and prospects for success of the Eisenhower-Krushchev exchange. Many Democratic Party politicians, for example, privately believe that there will in coming months be a sharp popular reaction against these overtures to the Russians and that this backwash of sentiment will hurt the Republicans badly in 1960. Vice-President Nixon, identified with the initiation of these visits, thinks this forecast has enough merit to warrant his taking preliminary precautions. With characteristic wariness and flexibility, he has recently appeared before the conventions of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the two principal ex-servicemen's organisations, to assure them he will not be a party to any deals or appeasement.

Beyond these partisan calculations, there is also a considerable disbelief among some influential Democrats that any good for the country can come from the President's heavy autumn schedule of journeys and conferences. He will, it is feared, sap his physical strength and give a hectic flush of activity to his administration's closing era but he

NEXT WEEK

Jobs for School Leavers
by J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Economics of Sunshine
by Malcolm Muggeridge

will not make West Berlin more secure nor improve the atmosphere of relations between east and west. Former President Truman in one of his occasional articles gave cautious and partial expression to this viewpoint last month, when he granted chilly approval to the Krushchev visit but deplored the Eisenhower trip to Russia as likely to impair the prestige of the presidency. Dean Acheson, the former secretary of state, and several high-ranking Democrats in Congress, with the notable exception of Senator Fulbright, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, share Mr Truman's doubts. Of all this, however, nothing in public. Congress did struggle to get out of town before the Russian visitor arrived but this only reflected the leadership's desire to avoid a tiresome, unprofitable wrangle over inviting him to address a joint session. It was a matter of convenience, not an act of policy.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Fleet Street

The Line-up

As Fleet Street flexes its muscles for the general election and takes its accustomed refresher course in the techniques of rabbit-punching, gouging, biting and close razor-work, it may be worth while taking a quick look at the journalistic weight on both sides. No one, it is true, has yet been able to calculate with any degree of accuracy just how much newspaper influence counts in elections – if at all. Across the Atlantic, Roosevelt won consistently with almost all the press against him, and the newspapers certainly contributed nothing to Harry Truman's demonstration of the fallibility of Gallup polls. Nor did the fact that the Labour Party was either ignored or derided by practically the entire press here in the Twenties prevent it from becoming a major party. On the other hand, there are those who would argue that the *Daily Mirror* played a significant part in the victory of Labour in 1945 and the *Daily Express* in its defeat in 1951.

The Labour Party, of course, goes into this election, as it has gone into every election during its existence, heavily outnumbered on the newspaper side. Moreover, the evidence of the market surveys supports, what everybody interested knows, that a sizeable proportion of Labour voters take newspapers antagonistic to Labour. This does not mean that their opinions are likely to be changed by what they read: there is nothing to suggest that newspapers ever succeed in changing the views of their readers on matters on which those readers already have opinions. But it does mean that their view of how the campaign is going and of the showing made by the rival leaders is likely to be brought to them each day through hostile eyes. This may not change opinions, but it can depress them. In fact, what influence the press can dispose of during an election is probably much more on active party members than on those politically uncommitted – the don't knows. For although it may not be possible to change the minds of those who have already made them up, it is possible to undermine their confidence and reduce their fighting spirit by deliberately slanting the news.

No reader of the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Sketch* is likely from now on to be given any excuse for thinking that Labour either has a chance or deserves one. This is probably the most effective electoral weapon the Conservative press has. It is easy to see through obviously biased opinions. It is often much more difficult to see through apparently honest campaign reporting which conveys the impression that one side is already licked.

Although it has a heavy inferiority in the number of papers on its side – especially when one takes into account the provincial press, which is almost exclusively Conservative even when it calls itself independent – Labour's position is not quite so bad when it comes to counting actual heads. Circulationwise, as the best advertising agents say, things are more even – although not as much so as they were a year or two ago. At that time the circulation of popular national newspapers supporting the left and of those supporting the right ran approximately even, at around 8,000,000 to each side. Since then, however, the *News Chronicle* has moved notably to the right, or at any rate to the middle, and the *Daily Herald* has both issued a declaration of independence (which will not, however, affect its support of the Labour Party during the election) and dropped still more in circulation. It is now, according to the last ABC returns, down to well under a million and a half, and has actually lost close on 100,000 paying readers since it broke the formal link with Labour and set sail as a privateer under a new editor and with a fresh coat of paint all over.

Combined circulation of the two Labour supporters, the *Mirror* and the *Herald*, now comes to about 5,960,000; that of Conservative supporters to around 8,400,000 – with the *News Chronicle* committed to neither side but verging more to the Conservatives in domestic affairs, though not in international ones, than it used to do, and *The Times* and *The Guardian* about balancing each other in rightward and leftward leanings. On Sundays the balance on the Conservative side is, of course, far greater. The supporters of Labour – the *Sunday Pictorial* and *Reynolds* – deploy a combined circulation of around 5,600,000 (to which *Reynolds*' contribution is now no more than 340,000 or so). The Conservative backers, *News of the World*, *Sunday Express*, *Sunday Dispatch*, *Empire News*, *Sunday Graphic*, *Sunday*

"WE HAVE HAD TO TAKE SOME UNPLEASANT MEASURES. I HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT THEY ALL WERE, BUT THEY WERE ALL IMPORTANT"
MR. MACMILLAN, APRIL 10. 1959.
VICKERS

'My clients plead loss of memory . . .'

Times, add up to nearly three times as much – getting on for 15,500,000. This leaves out the *People*, which, though positive enough in its other ambitions, is always a bit schizophrenic in its political ones. The Conservative inclinations of many Odhams' directors – and the Conservative influence is growing – have previously been held slightly in check by the knowledge that the *Herald* is printed on the same machines. However, this brake is weaker now; and from recent indications the *People*, while taking some slaps all round, seems more likely to come down on the Conservative than the Labour side.

In the provincial morning and evening field the Conservatives have a practically clear run. There are still a few Liberal press supporters about but no Labour ones, at any rate of any circulation importance, outside Scotland. On the other hand, in the very large number of single-paper towns, common commercial prudence dictates that no one section of the local community shall be affronted too deeply. On the whole, therefore, in most provincial towns actual reporting of the local campaigns is likely to be reasonably fair, although little doubt is likely to be left to anyone's mind as to where the proprietor's heart lies.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Africa and the Election

PERHAPS the most striking development in British politics during the past ten or 11 years has been the growing awareness of Africa. A single comparison illustrates the contrast. In May 1948 the Watson Commission was dispatched to the Gold Coast. Its terms of reference were to inquire into the disturbances which had recently taken place and their underlying causes. The circumstances were curiously similar to those which prevailed in Nyasaland this year. There had been widespread riots and destruction of property. The government proclaimed a State of Emergency and interned the leaders of the United Gold Coast Convention, including Kwame Nkrumah. They issued a public statement scarcely less tendentious than the Nyasaland White Paper. It even included – so close is the parallel – the allegation of a murder plot, although nothing more was ever heard of it again.

There was, however, one important difference. For three weeks the Watson Commission sat in public. The African leaders were examined and cross-examined at length and they were able publicly to counter-attack their accusers. It was, they declared, the policies of the administration which had led inevitably to the explosion. In Accra and Kumasi, where the Commissioners held their public sittings, the excitement was intense. Every day vast crowds surrounded the court houses. No such proceeding had ever taken place before in a British colonial territory. Yet no British or foreign newspaper thought it worth while to send a reporter. The contrast is obvious. If the Devlin Commission had sat in public every London newspaper, and the greater part of the world's press, would have been represented. The evidence would have been reported in far more detail than a parliamentary debate or even a murder trial.

Two things have happened since 1948. In the first place the tempo of events throughout Africa has quickened to an almost incredible degree. Eleven years ago not even the most sanguine African nationalist could have foreseen that Ghana would be independent in 1957, and Nigeria and Somaliland in 1960, or that the principle of self-government would be conceded in the Belgian Congo. Secondly, African events now give rise to the principal conflicts in British politics. No one who has sat in the House of Commons during the last two years can have any doubt on this score. Whenever an African issue is raised, the whole atmosphere changes. Synthetic emotion and parliamentary gamesmanship disappear. On almost every occasion there is a cleavage of fundamental principle. Labour members instinctively react against the claim of European minorities in East and Central Africa to a privileged position: in their eyes it is a denial of human equality.

The Tories are loyal and, by implication, authoritarian. The man on the spot is nearly always right but, right or wrong, he must invariably be supported. This leads to a strange dichotomy of outlook. Officialdom in the United Kingdom must be forever controlled and kept in check: let us never forget Crichel Down! But officialdom in the colonies is virtually sacrosanct and no member of parliament should presume to attack a Governor or his advisers. The Labour reaction to this attitude was expressed by Barbara Castle in the second Hola debate:

> I ask Hon. Members opposite this: If in any prison in Britain 12 men had been beaten to death, would anyone on the benches opposite have said, 'Keep a sense of perspective about this, in view of the fine record of prison administration'? Of course not. Public opinion in this country would not have permitted anyone to do so. The speeches to which we have listened to tonight are a reflection of the very basis of the problem which we face in our remaining colonial territories. Quite instinctively, sincerely and genuinely, without even being aware of it, Hon. Members opposite do not believe that an African life is as important as a white man's life.

No one can doubt that, if Labour wins the election, there will be sweeping changes in British colonial policy. There will be no repetition of the treatment of Seretse and Tshekedi. But the changes will need to be formulated at a very early stage. If a Labour government appeared to acquiesce in the repressive measures of its predecessor – if, for example, Dr Banda were not immediately released – the last opportunity might disappear of restoring African confidence in British intentions. The morrow of a Labour victory may represent the last chance in Africa.

What then are the outstanding problems with which a Labour government would have to deal?

Central Africa

It seems almost certain that the chief clash between parties in the new parliament will be over Central Africa. The Devlin Report must have made one thing clear to even the most right-wing members of the Tory Party. There can be no possible doubt of the intensity of the African opposition to federation. The Report says:

> Naturally on this point we have heard different opinions. It was generally acknowledged that the opposition to Federation was there, that it was deeply rooted and almost universally held. We found it to be so. Even amongst the Chiefs, many of whom were loyal to the Government and disliked Congress methods, we have not heard of a single one who was in favour of Federation. Witness after witness appeared before us for the sole purpose of stating that the cause of all the troubles we were investigating was Federation.

In 1953 there were, it may be supposed, many Tories who believed that African opposition to federation in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia would gradually abate. The contrary has proved to be the case. Yet the government, as the Devlin Report makes clear, treats the question of federation as one that is no longer open. This is entirely in line with the attitude of Mr Lennox-Boyd when he visited the territory a year ago.

Here then is the vital question. Is the British government, which has granted independence to Ghana, is about to grant it to Nigeria and Somaliland and has conceded the principle in Uganda and Tanganyika, prepared to say that in no circumstances shall the people of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia be allowed to decide their own destiny? So far as the Labour movement is concerned, this question admits of only one answer. Even if they remain for a time within the federal structure the right of secession must eventually be conceded to both Protectorates.

If the Tories win, different controversies may arise. The question of dominion status for the Federation is apparently ruled out until such time as Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia have representative assemblies. Yet it could easily happen at the 1960 conference that, even though formal sovereignty were to be withheld, the federal government might obtain most of the substance of sovereign power. They might, for example, be vested with the control over territorial police forces. They might also obtain assurances from the United Kingdom which would transform the Federation into an enlarged edition of Southern Rhodesia. The parliament at Westminster would still theoretically have power to legislate for the Federation or to overrule the federal legislature: in practice it would never do so.

Uganda

Few people have any doubt about the ultimate objective in the Uganda Protectorate. It will become a self-governing African state. The question remains, to whom and in what form will power be eventually handed over? Or, to put it in another way, what will be the position in the new sovereign state of the Kingdom of Buganda and of the three smaller Kingdoms of Ankole, Bunyoro and Toro? No one should underrate the intense loyalty of the people concerned to their traditional rulers and institutions. These loyalists are naturally uneasy. They observe the scant respect with which traditional rulers have been treated in Ghana and western Nigeria. What assurances have their own rulers against the kind of treatment meted out to the Asantehene or the Alafini of Oyo?

The present position is thoroughly anomalous. So long as the British remain, the position of the Baganda is fully safeguarded by the Buganda Agreement of 1955. This ensures a considerable degree of local autonomy and a ministerial system. It also provides that any dispute about the interpretation of the Agreement shall be referred to the High Court with an appeal direct to the Privy Council. The other Kingdoms have no such advantages, although Toro has been pressing for a similar agreement for the past three years.

The answer might be found in a federal solution. To this the Protectorate government reply that Uganda is too small and its resources quite insufficient to support a federal structure. This may be true; but federation can take many forms. There is no unvarying formula for the distribution of powers between the centre and the regions.

This issue has never been considered by anything in the nature of a constitutional commission independent of the Protectorate government. No doubt the Protectorate officials, when they argue in favour of an entirely unitary state, have powerful administrative reasons in their favour. They tend, however, to suffer from the occupational disease of colonial administrators – paternalism. This means that they instinctively tend to react against any proposed devolution of functions. It is tidier and probably less expensive that the processes of government should be carried on by the secretariat at Entebbe through provincial and district commissioners.

Recent events, notably the boycott of Asian shops and the rustication of political leaders, indicate widespread unrest. There is no certainty about the future. No one can foretell the approximate date or the form of eventual independence. There is therefore a very strong case for sending a constitutional commission from the U.K.

Kenya

Events in Kenya over the past 15 months have moved with astonishing speed. African opinion has never accepted the Lennox-Boyd constitution. It dislikes in particular the Council of State and the provision for specially elected members. In June, 1958, the African elected members transmitted to the Colonial Secretary their own constitutional proposals. In effect what they asked for was a declaration that the ultimate aim of British rule in Kenya was full self-government on the basis of universal suffrage, accompanied by the strongest possible safeguards to protect the racial minorities. The Secretary of State's reply was not delivered until 28 November. In effect it denied everything for which the Africans had asked. There was no assurance about the ultimate aim of British rule in Kenya. It was laid down that there could be no alteration in the proportion of the specially elected members for ten years and no changes outside the framework of the existing constitution. This attitude was maintained in January, when the Kenya government said that a conference could usefully be convened only if preliminary consultation between all concerned showed that such a course would be the best way to carry things further towards an agreement 'within the general ambit of the present constitution on those elements in it which are susceptible to alteration'.

The position changed rapidly. On 7 March Mr Michael Blundell, speaking for the specially elected members, said that in his view it would be wise to hold a constitutional conference. In April a delegation came to London including the African elected members, headed by Mr Oginga Odinga and one European, Mr S. V. Cooke. On 22 April, in an adjournment debate in the Commons, Mr Lennox-Boyd announced that 'if conditions are suitable, the government will arrange for a conference to be held at an appropriate time to study . . . what the next step in that evolution should be'. Since then Professor W. J. M. Mackenzie of Manchester University has been appointed as constitutional adviser to Kenya for the forthcoming conference.

The conference could mean a great deal or very little. What is not clear is whether it is still to be bound by the existing constitution. If so, it will be limited to comparative *minutiae*, such as the number and allocation of portfolios. In this event it is difficult to see it ending otherwise than in sheer frustration. If, on the other hand, it is allowed to consider the whole future of Kenya, it may be of considerable value. This does not mean that the various groups are likely to reach agreement. It does mean, however, that they will be constrained to formulate their differing points of view more clearly than ever before. The various European spokesmen will need to explain how far, and for how long, they expect to maintain their privileged position. The Africans will need to give precise answers regarding the future employment of European experts, the attraction of capital into the colony and safeguards for racial minorities.

The final decisions can only be taken by the British government. Broadly speaking, there are two alternatives. One is to seek refuge in a formula – such as the suggestion that self-government can only be conceded when all local politicians have come to think of themselves first and foremost as Kenyans. The other alternative is to accept the principle of self-government based on universal suffrage as demanded by the African elected members. No doubt the acceptance might be subject to conditions. There would need to be various stages before the final transfer of sovereignty took place. No British government could be expected to hand over power without reasonable assurances as to the treatment of minorities. Nevertheless the acceptance, in clear and emphatic terms, of the main principle would be a completely new and hopeful departure. Whatever the relative strength of Mr Mboya and Mr Odinga may be at this moment, it is impossible to suppose that African opinion would accept anything less.

Tanganyika

Mr Julius Nyerere is at this moment the most successful of all the Nationalist leaders in East and Central Africa. At the Moshi conference he has made it clear that he accepts the necessity for a pre-independence stage during which African ministers would still be subject to the reserved powers of the Governor. Presumably their position would be similar to that of Dr Nkrumah and his colleagues between 1951 and 1957. Here there is no clash of principle. It is accepted that Tanganyika, like Uganda, will eventually become an African state. Moreover, unlike Uganda, there is no acute difference between the nationalists and the traditionalists. But the technical problems of transition are extremely formidable. Tanganyika is economically far more backward than Kenya or even Uganda. Moreover there is an even greater shortage of Africans with professional or administrative training. This is becoming a matter of urgency. How within a few years are we to produce African lawyers, doctors, technicians and civil servants in a country where they are now practically non-existent?

Human Rights

There remains the question of civil liberties in East and Central Africa and the use of emergency powers. Under the 1939 Order in Council, a colonial Governor may proclaim an emergency whenever he thinks fit. He is the sole judge whether an emergency in fact exists. Thereafter he may make any regulations he chooses for imprisonment without trial, suppression of newspapers and public meetings and the creation of fresh offences. It does not appear that the Colonial Office exercises any control over the use of these powers or that any guiding principles are observed. In 1948 the Gold Coast regulations contained a provision that the validity of a detention order might not even be challenged in a court of law. This went even further than the wartime regulation 18B and it was roundly condemned by the Watson Commission. Yet when an emergency was proclaimed in Uganda in 1953, and the Kabaka exiled, the regulations contained a precisely similar provision.

Regulations are sometimes framed that would scarcely pass even a Colonial legislature. For example, the Nyasaland emergency regulations, promulgated on 3 March of this year, contain the provision that 'no person shall do any act or publish anything likely . . . to undermine the authority of or the public confidence in the government or the government of the Federation'. Anyone who does so is liable to a maximum sentence not exceeding 14 years or a fine not exceeding £1,000 or to both imprisonment and fine.

Imprisonment or restriction without trial is now becoming almost a permanent feature of the British colonial rule in East and Central Africa. There are still over a 1,000 detainees in Kenya. Many of them have been locked up almost since the beginning of the emergency. Mr Lennox-Boyd was recently asked for particulars of the 70 men who were transferred from Tarkwa Camp on Manda Island to Hola in February of this year. It appeared from his answer that all except 12 had been detained for over six years. Nor, if the Kenya government has its way, will they all be released with the ending of the emergency. In his speech to the Legislative Council on 4 November last, Sir Evelyn Baring announced that there would be permanent legislation provided for imprisonment without trial. In Northern Rhodesia the 1939 Order in Council has been replaced by a local ordinance under which an emergency may be declared and persons detained or rusticated. The African trade union leaders who were sent away from the copper belt in 1956 are still restricted in remote parts of the territory. In Nyasaland the Governor made it clear before the publication of the Devlin Report that the Congress leaders would be kept in internment for a long time. It is now announced that Dr Banda and his colleagues will remain in prison for at least another six months.

Proclamations of emergency and detentions without trial are only extreme examples of the unfettered discretionary powers granted to colonial authorities. Another illustration is to be found in the immigration laws. Not only in the Federation but in each of the East African territories a person may be declared a prohibited immigrant by order of the Governor or the Governor in Council. He may have lived in the country for years. His livelihood may be involved. But he has no chance of appeal and he is not even informed of the reasons for the decision. Even parliamentary redress is in effect denied. If a question is raised in the House of Commons, the Colonial Secretary will inevitably reply that this is a matter for the Governor's discretion and he himself does not propose to intervene. A similar answer is given when the Colonial Secretary is asked why a British subject or British protected person in an East or Central African territory has been refused a passport.

It would certainly appear that in dealing with immigration or passports there is a fair amount of collusion between the various governments. In November 1956 a Socialist conference was held in Bombay. The organisers invited African delegates from Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia and Uganda. In each case a passport was refused without any reason being given. Similarly with immigration. It is significant that Mr Basil Davidson was banned almost simultaneously from Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and Central Africa. In his and other cases the suspicion inevitably arises that if a man is black-listed in one territory for whatever reason he is in danger of being blacklisted in them all.

There is a strange dualism about British policy.

In the domestic sphere both the Tory and Labour Parties are far more anti-bureaucratic than they were 20 years ago. The Franks report was universally acclaimed. When the Tribunals and Inquiries Bill – designed to safeguard the citizen against the departments – came before the House of Commons it was welcomed almost with unanimity. There has lately been an agitation headed by Mr Hugh Delargy, but echoed on the Tory side, for a British counterpart of the Scandinavian Ombudsman whose business it is to retain redress for the individual who has a grievance against officialdom. Yet colonial Governors and officials can exercise the most arbitrary and capricious powers without producing a ripple of uneasiness on the Conservative benches. Anyone who wishes to understand the difference between British political parties need only study the columns of Hansard since the beginning of the emergency in Kenya. He will find that over the whole seven years scarcely a month has passed without questions or speeches from the Labour benches criticising detentions without trial or conditions in the camps. He will look in vain for similar protests from the Tories.

The days of colonial rule are numbered. It is tolerably certain that within a generation all the African dependencies will have achieved some form of self-government. A Labour government will have to devote itself, almost as the first priority, to the problems of the transition. They must restore confidence in British rule especially in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. They must assert in each territory the ultimate objective of self-determination based upon universal suffrage. They must make clear to African nationalists the importance of safeguards for racial minorities. They must somehow discover leaders to whom responsibility can be handed over in steadily increasing measure. But, above all, they must re-establish fundamental human rights. A Labour government cannot tolerate the methods of a police state under British rule.

DINGLE FOOT

London Diary

IF I were a candidate in this election I shouldn't try to cut too much ice talking about peace. Everyone is obviously for peace in the same way as Coolidge's pastor was against sin. Instead, I might be tempted, with an easy-going electorate basking in the afterglow of a fabulous summer and at least the semblance of prosperity, to collect some votes as champion of all the *little* reforms for which many of us have been clamouring on and off these past 30 years – abolition of petty restrictions on shopping, drinking, betting and the rest. At the last moment both Labour and Tories have sensed something worth going for here. (But what about the Liberals, who in a matter of this kind should surely be way out there in front?) All this is just where I came in. When I first arrived in London to earn a living, A. P. H. and others were merrily campaigning away for all these things. I reckon it takes roughly a generation in this country for a reform, once formulated, to get on to the Statute Book – which should see Wolfenden home, with luck, by about 1980.

* * *

Having spent a long hot summer moving extensively about Britain by road, air and rail (not to mention canal) I should place high on my candidate's list of priorities a demand for improved travelling amenities. In his Presidential Address to the engineering section of the British Association at York the other day, Sir Ewart Smith supplied just the figures I have been searching for. Between 1830 and 1850 new railways were being built in Britain at the rate of 320 miles a year – 6,400 miles of tunnels, viaducts, flyovers, cuttings, and all their vast engineering accompaniments in 20 years, and all done with wheelbarrows, picks and shovels. Work on the celebrated Chiswick fly-over on the Cromwell Road extension, a minor operation in terms of current needs, was begun two years and seven months ago, and, as everyone knows who is condemned to use that highway, is still far from completed. By the end of this year, Sir Ewart also told us, only 64 miles of motorways will be in operation in Britain; and although the number of vehicles on the roads has risen in the 20 years since 1939 from three to seven millions and is increasing at eight per cent. per annum, yet the projected expenditure on roads is today – allowing for the difference in money values – no greater than in 1939.

* * *

What is staggering is the complete absence of any co-ordination of policy. You would be entitled to suppose that a government which does everything to stimulate a frantic output of new motor cars would also do something to provide roads to put them on. The maddening substitute is a wholly ineffective road safety campaign which diverts attention from the fact that the principal cause of our disgracefully high accident rate is chock-a-block, ill-designed, badly sign-posted and indiscriminately lit roads, and concentrates on nagging and pillorying the miserable motorist as if he were a homicidal lunatic out for blood instead of a decent citizen rapidly becoming a psychiatric case in his efforts to keep alive and on the right side of the law. And how inferior most of this 'safety' publicity is – who dreams up these third-rate slogans? (The silliest I recall was 'Only Donkeys Ignore Zebras'.) I note, too, that the ubiquitous, exquisitely non-committal Comparative Indefinite, so dear to the TV commercials (the *whiter* wash, the *cooler* smoke – whiter, cooler, than what, pray?) has now invaded the road-safety propaganda. Good driving is no longer good enough: we must all be *better*

New Statesman
£250 Cartoon Competition

The NEW STATESMAN offers prizes to the value of £250 for original strip cartoons. Competitors are invited to submit a set of six consecutive strips designed to follow one another at weekly intervals, each strip to contain any number of panels but to be four times as wide as it is high in order to permit reduction to a size of 8″ × 2″. The continuing theme of the strips (whether or not a single linking character is used) should be to make, with the minimum use of caption, a satirical—but not directly political—comment on life in mid-century Britain.

First Prize £100; Second Prize £50
Under 21 Prize £50; Five further Prizes of £10 each

THE JUDGES WILL BE:

Osbert Lancaster; Malcolm Muggeridge
Vicky; the Editor of the New Statesman

CONDITIONS

1. All entries must be original work by the competitor, and not previously published.
2. There is no entry fee, and each competitor may submit any number of entries.
3. Entries must be on plain unfolded paper or card, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the competitor's full name and address and a signed statement agreeing to the conditions of the competition. A pseudonym must appear on the outside of the envelope and on each strip submitted.
4. The Under 21 prize is for the best entry received from competitors under the age of 21 on 1 January 1960. Competitors under the age of 21 should state their date of birth.
5. Prizewinning entries may be published in the NEW STATESMAN without further payment should the Editor so desire.
6. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful entries, provided that they are accompanied by an addressed label or envelope. But while all reasonable care will be taken of cartoons submitted, no responsibility for them can be accepted.
7. The decision of the judges is final.
8. Entries, addressed Cartoon Competition, NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, must arrive not later than Friday, 1 January 1960.

Copies of this announcement in either leaflet or showcard form are available on request.

drivers. But we are all of us already better, as we know, than the chap in front.

* * *

The other evening, on the BEA London-Manchester plane (now known among familiars as the Kirtleside Killjoy) a passenger asked for, and was given free of all charge, a glass of cold water. An act of such startling hospitality by current standards on this line deserves to be recorded. Being perforce a frequenter of this service I sympathise with the rage of my friend Muggeridge as recently reported in this column. No drinks, no sandwiches, not even a boiled sweet any more – and now you are not even allowed to put your dispatch-case on the rack but must choose between nursing it on your knee or squeezing it behind your calves on the floor. Our air-hostess's apologetic explanation was that 'one passenger had a piece of baggage fall on his head'. Such a mishap must have occurred more than once in the rugged history of railway travel, but so far Sir Brian Robertson hasn't forbidden us access to the luggage-racks. If this new rule is really necessary then the sooner they re-design the interior of the aircraft the better.

* * *

If you live in central London, to catch the morning flight to Manchester you must get out of bed around 6 a.m. – too early for breakfast. For the return flight to London in the evening, you must leave Manchester about 7.45 – just too soon to have had dinner. Yet on neither of these flights can you get – even if you were prepared to pay through the nose for it – a cup of coffee or a biscuit, let alone a whisky-and-soda in the evening. If the excuse is that the stewardess hasn't time to serve anything, I just plain disbelieve it. On the short London-Paris flight, between 50 and 60 meals are served, with a variety of drinks – and with time over for the steward to peddle duty-free spirits and cigarettes. The days when it was a bit of an adventure to fly and passengers were therefore prepared to put up with some inconvenience have long since departed. Paradoxically the aircraft companies coddled us then: now, they couldn't care less. At Heathrow a few mornings ago, at 7.30 a.m. with more than 100 passengers waiting about in the departure lounge, there was no means of buying a morning newspaper! If one arrives at the airport less than 20 minutes before the scheduled take-off time of a 'domestic' flight one is legally liable to forfeit one's seat on the plane. By what logic or justice, then, should passengers be kept grounded on the tarmac (as happened to a load of us last week) awaiting a passenger who had failed to turn up on time? At the end of these flights the poor bored hostess is still compelled to repeat her antique *spiel:* 'We hope you have enjoyed your flight'. As the plumber said in the rude story, 'If it's all the same to you, lady, I'd sooner have a nice hot cup of cocoa'.

* * *

Travelling north this week from Euston in a brand-new sleeper I was spellbound to find that the master-mind which designed these prototypes of the promised new Railway Age had thought it provident to retain those little circular padded rests for our watches. (How many half-hunters are hung nightly on these quaint relics?) Something symbolic of British Railways here perhaps: the 19th-century watch-rest perpetuated, but still no plug for an electric razor. Poor old BR: they are such a push-over I almost begin to feel sorry for them. All the same there is a question I should like politely to ask them. *What has become of the maps?* Time was when a map, although not a very good one, was part of the normal equipment of a railway-carriage. It was interesting and useful. Couldn't some good maps be reintroduced, and also – at least on the crack trains (crack?) – some illustrated guides to places and scenery of interest on the journey? Something has to be done to attract passengers. Even BEA on its Austerity Route still provides free maps.

* * *

If this diary reads like a catalogue of complaints, that is precisely what it is meant to be, and with good reason. A decade ago, when some of my then colleagues and I were travelling a good deal about the country preparing the Festival of Britain and had ample opportunity of sampling the (then austerity) standards of transport and catering, we formed a private club with the title 'Britain Won't Take It Any More'. The cause of its formation was obvious, the rules to be observed were simple:

(1) *Always* congratulate when things are really good;

(2) *Always* make a fuss when things are really bad.

Maybe the time has come to revive the club and throw it open to public membership! I nominate Malcolm Muggeridge as President – or do I mean Gilbert Harding?

GERALD BARRY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As soon as you know an H-bomb is on the way, run out and paint your windows with a mixture of whitewash and curdled milk to deflect dangerous rays. Soak your curtains and upholstery with a solution of borax and starch to prevent fire. – Lecturer on civil defence reported in *Reynolds News.* (L. Chavalier.)

During this prolonged dry period game birds are likely to suffer, particularly this year's hatch who may not know the way to water as well as older ones.

May I suggest to those who run shoots that old outer car tyres, sliced, and the two parts filled with water and placed in coverts might be a great alleviation? – Letter in *The Times.* (A. W. P. Ross.)

Constable J. Kidd told Warrington magistrates today that when he served a summons for a minor motoring offence on William Robinson, of Laira Street, Warrington, Robinson tore up the summons and threw it in the road.

As a result Robinson had also been charged with an offence under the Litter Act. – *Liverpool Echo.* (David Woodley.)

In Leamington Spa, the book *Double Exposure* by the twins, Gloria Vanderbilt and Thelma, Lady Furness, has been banned from the public library because it contains details of the romance between Lady Furness and the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor). – *Books and Bookmen.* (A. Williams.)

Butch, a three-year-old boxer dog who just cannot get on with other dogs – he rushes out and bites them – may have psychiatric treatment to help cure him of this bad habit. – *Daily Express.* (Reg. Winter.)

Ace Books have brought to Britain the American fashion of highbrow paperbacks with lowbrow jackets. I asked them whether they had complaints from disappointed readers.

'Oh no', they said. 'We think these people are quite willing to plough through a lot of intellectual stuff for two or three lines of what-not. We get a great many appreciative letters – mostly from prisons.' – *Reynolds News.* (Flora Williams.)

Getting Shot of Phoniness

THE cool, un-pompous idiom of the Labour Party Youth Commission's report may arguably be the rhetoric of our time. If it is, it's a rhetoric our politicians have shown no ear for at all. This idiom, this tone of voice is the most remarkable thing about the report, for all its other commendable qualities, like clarity, reasonable proposals and statistics that actually enliven rather than sink the text. Here is a political document in which, as the subject of the report, *The Younger Generation,* would put it, 'gets shot of phoniness'. The tone of voice springs from the commission's acquaintance with the subject. Young people to them seem to be human beings between the ages of 15 to 20, who live and breathe and have their troubles. They do not seem to be microbes struggling beneath the bioscope, bizarre yobs who sometimes make the front page with a brawl or gawp on the telly while Marty Wilde asks, plaintively: 'Why should I be a teenager in love?'. This means that the report escapes the moralising trap into which sociologists can fall, without, at the same time, peddling the sycophantic 'teenager' propaganda of various cynical commercial interests. There are quarrels one can pick with it; but, if one may say such a thing at the risk of sounding patronising, these are on grounds which political questions too infrequently invade.

There are more and more young people – this is the report's central argument – maturing earlier, marrying younger, lacking places to play and, when they marry, lacking places to live, often with jobs they can't bear, or without prospects, growing up with more than the adolescent's usual sense of isolation – enough of them to make major and immediate reforms necessary. The most publicised of these reforms has been that people should be given the vote at the age of 18, a reform which seems to me justifiable simply on the old-fashioned grounds of justice, quite apart from its possible value as a social therapeutic. There are others which might produce more immediate results: at random, there are the schemes for increasing the opportunities for the apprenticing of young men so that they won't suffer the boredom of work beneath their capacity; and the granting of special purpose loans to young people newly married to enable them to buy or furnish a house. There are the reforms suggested for the Youth Service.

One of the refreshing qualities about this report is that it recognises the difficulties involved in proposing means of entertaining and instructing young people. Writing about the Youth Service, its authors realise that an aura of do-gooding hangs about it, that organised activities simply don't appeal to many young people:

> There must be facilities for unorganised recreation. Dance halls, coffee bars, swimming pools and playing fields are the minimum requirements. A youth service is, of course, more than these things. But a community that fails to provide them is failing its young people.

The report suggests a grand re-organisation of the service, its acquiring a higher status, more money being spent. These needs seem beyond dispute.

It may seem that the commission have gaily promised the moon to all within their compass (and recommended a change in the suffrage to gain the reward). This isn't so. They face up, with all the earnestness of the young, to difficulties

Television for Schools

1959 Autumn Term commences September 28th

When Associated-Rediffusion transmitted the first Television Programmes for Schools, in May, 1957, only 80 schools were equipped to receive the programmes. The interest shown in these programmes by children, teachers and parents has steadily increased over the past two and a half years. On some occasions as many as 250,000 home viewers have watched these programmes. Today nearly 900 schools are registered with Associated-Rediffusion to receive Teachers' Notes for the Autumn Term programmes. Three innovations have been approved by the Educational Advisory Council to commence in the Autumn Term:

PROGRAMMES FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS
PROGRAMMES FOR VIth FORMS
A WIDER DAILY CHOICE OF SUBJECTS

Autumn Term Programme Series

THE ARTIST IN THE MODERN WORLD — for VIth Forms. The series, which will be introduced by Sir Kenneth Clark, will present the work and ideas of leading artists of our time. They will be drawn from such differing fields as sculpture, architecture, opera and drama, and should stimulate discussion among arts and science students alike.

THE WORLD AROUND US.—For Primary Schools. Designed for the top classes in primary schools, this miscellany series will be devoted to two major fields; science, and stories of human achievement with a link between the two. There will be a final programme on The Nativity.

ENDLESS ADVENTURE.—Age range 14 and over. The purpose of this series — which runs throughout the school year — is to introduce pupils to the historical development of scientific thought by showing how man's age-old curiosity and need to conquer his environment have led him naturally and inevitably to the exploration of space.

THE CRAFT OF HANDS.—Age range 12-14. Planned and presented by John McCarthy, a sculptor and designer, this series is designed to make children aware of aesthetic values in everyday surroundings, and to encourage them to be more courageous in their own creative work.

These programmes also are available in the areas served by ATV (Midlands), STV (Scotland), TWW (S. Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, TTT (North East), and Anglia Television (East Anglia).

Fuller information about plans for 1959/60 — and details of these Autumn Term programmes — may be obtained from: The Schools Information Office, Associated-Rediffusion Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2. HOLborn 7888

standing in the way of developments they want to see – like raising the school-leaving age to 16 and extending contact between school and pupil. Their frankness commends their kind of rhetoric. They are also against the 'means test' in apportioning university grants, which must endear them to the middle class. All their proposals, in fact, seem to me unexceptionable, except for their implicit approval of the Outward Bound schemes. All schemes are not good because they are for young people; when, as with Outward Bound, notions of training 'character' are lurking in the hills, they may be harmful. Perhaps this just slipped in.

The seriously questionable assertions in the report occur not in its close analysis of the situation or its proposals, but in its general preamble. I suggest this very diffidently – everyman's reaction to this report is liable to have no firmer basis than his autobiography – but it does seem they rather exaggerate the case.

> A youth generation which matures earlier, is comparatively prosperous and is exposed to new and powerful cultural influences will not be so readily understood by a society whose formative youth experiences were so very different and who are themselves adjusting to very different conditions in adult life.

Thus the report. Up to a point, this is true. People who once saw Bolsheviks under the bed now have an image of gangs, like New York's *Sinners* and *Assassins* and *Young Lords*, roaming the streets, with murder and rapine as common as lard. It is evident, too, that educated people of the middle classes are totally thrown by the emergence of young, uneducated, working-class people into their field of vision. But it would be a mistake to think that there is a vast incomprehension about the attitudes of young people: it may well be a lack of interest, a recognition that these are familiar attitudes. What is unnerving is that young people want so much to be regarded as teenagers, seem to want, even, to stay that way. This was not how it was – here autobiography enters – in days that were just as disjointed, when 'cultural influences' were just as powerful and almost as new.

Educated during the war in a blitzed school, belonging to a marauding gang that wrecked unpeopled houses, fought long battles with stones in quarries, travelled to school in a bus that at times looked like a beginners' brothel, cried 'custard' (='chicken') on bikes, a Sinatra fan and a cinema rowdy, I suppose I had an averagely delinquent childhood. Nearly all that gang are now respectable. At no time did we have any desire to be regarded as anything special, some group outside society: to grow up seemed to be in the order of things.

But it would be too easy to explain any present reluctance to leave the state of teenager as simple commercial exploitation, which has, none the less, a great deal to do with it. The lucrative market young people present, for pop discs, for clothes, for pulp magazines, invites the creation of a mystique, encourages an idea of isolation. The mystique is not as strong as it seems, of course: within it there is irony, iconoclasm, a talent for derision, but it is pretty strong.

Young people, after all, still put their youth behind them: even a nastier sort of Ted once told me he was thinking of giving up being a teenager when he got married. But commercial exploitation isn't a sufficient explanation: there is the belief among young people that they are not understood when, for some reason, they want to be. I have a feeling that, partly, this may spring from an exaggerated notion they have of their own importance, a notion encouraged by their despised parents – the Depression generation – who wanted their children to have a better life. It exists, for all that. Attention must be paid it. This report with its understanding of the situation, its creative programme, pays the right kind of attention, unpatronising and helpful. I only hope that when the Labour Party gets down to deciding how much it can accept as party policy, it matches the report's tone and equally gets shot of phoniness.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Justice and Mr Crabtree

MR ERNEST CRABTREE had never in all his 55 years had an 'up-spill' with the police until a month or two ago. The spitting image of whichever was the fat one of Laurel and Hardy, he is a fitter's mate by trade, a stalwart of the Anglican church and of the local pigeon-fancier's club, and is widely reputed to be unable to hurt a fly.

The only thing which rouses Mr Crabtree from a sort of genial semi-consciousness is an affront to any of his nine solid children. So when the smallest of them came catapulting in one summer evening to tell him, breathlessly, that two teddy boys had got his 13-year-old son Tony over at the bombsite, and that Tony was lying on the ground and crying, Mr Crabtree instantly heaved himself up from his tea and galloped off to his son's defence. Rather deaf and no doubt panting, he swears he did not hear the teddy boys tell him that they were plain-clothes policemen, and he gave the larger of them an ineffectual punch on the shoulder, while demanding to know, in uncomplimentary terms, what he thought he was up to.

As it turned out, Tony had not been in any way ill-treated. He had flung himself down to avoid being taken away, because his mother had instructed him never to go anywhere with strange men – even if they said they were policemen. Accused of being in illegal possession of a few valueless objects, which he and his mates had found lying about, he was subsequently acquitted by the juvenile court. Indeed the wheel has turned rather more than a full circle, for now those objects are regarded as his legal property, and the same police officers have told his mother that, if she does not fetch them from the station, she will be fined a shilling for every day that they remain there.

There had been time to advise Tony to plead not guilty, to tell his mother to ask for a remand, and to get the boy represented at the second hearing. But not so for his father. He was arrested, held over-night, brought before the magistrates the next morning, convicted of assault and of obstruction, fined £5 and sent to prison for a month. By the time his small nervous wife had appealed to the mayor, and his worship had told her where to get legal advice, Mr Crabtree – bewildered and perspiring – was half-way across London in a Black Maria.

When the story became known, partly through the newspapers, partly through the grapevine of the market – where Ernie Crabtree had formerly been a putter-out of stalls – local feeling was strongly stirred: the pigeon fanciers promised to stump up his fine; the baker whom his wife patronised wished to subscribe; while a minister, to whose church Mr Crabtree did not belong, arranged for an appeal to be entered and stood bail himself. A solicitor and a barrister volunteered to act for whatever pittance might be forthcoming and the minister sped about collecting golden opinions about Mr Crabtree with which to impress the court. 'We couldn't', said Mrs Crabtree, 'have had better help – not if we'd paid thousands of pounds'.

All this, however, failed. Although there was new evidence (for Mr Crabtree had not known that he could have called his son as a witness at the magistrate's court) no other witness had been near enough to the bombsite to hear what passed between the larger of the two young police officers (who in any case spoke in the most inaudible of Irish brogues) and the hard-of-hearing Mr Crabtree. Naturally, in such circumstances, the court upheld the word of the police. But it also refused, against legitimate hopes, to mitigate the sentence, of which four days' imprisonment had already been served. Afterwards, Mrs Crabtree was allowed to see her husband in the cells for a moment, so that he could hand over the few shillings which he had in the pockets of his Sunday suit. Behind the small transparent panel which makes prisoners appear as in a television close-up. Mr Crabtree was weeping.

No one in his senses would wish to see the authority of the police undermined, even if some officers sometimes seem a trifle over-zealous; and, equally no one would wish to see the decision of a magistrate lightly overthrown. But it is still far from inevitable that Mr Crabtree should, at this moment, be taking up considerably more than a third of a cell in one of Her Majesty's bursting prisons – or that the state should be paying for his keep and, through National Assistance, for that of his considerable family. For all this, and much more, might have been prevented if Mr Crabtree had not gone naked – without lawyer, witness or advice – into the magistrate's court. Completely illiterate and artless, he was quite unfitted to speak

You parlez anglais ?

Good. Back from Paris, just. Weeks of negotiations, patient, complex, cordial, triumphant.

Le shake-hand. Le pat-back. Soit! A la vôtre . . .

All complete now. All sworn, sealed, stamped, signed, settled. All legal. *The Party of the First Part* (*nous voilà partis*), *etc. . . . the Party of the Second Part* (*la soirée au deuxième*), *etc. . . . the Party of the Third Part* (*la quidame qui danse à ladite soirée*), *etc. . . . Whereas* (*considérant que*) . . . *Notwithstanding* (*assis*) . . . *As witness* (*que le ciel nous soit témoin*), *etc. . . .* All official.

Meaning? That Wilmot Breeden, offering their technical knowledge *(savoir-how)*, have bought a major holding *(force majeure)* in famous French components company Autocoussin Dura S.A.!

Meaning that Britain (*L'intrépide Albion*) now has a foothold (*assiette de pied*) in the motor vehicle components side of the European Common Market (*marché vulgaire, mais fort commode*).

Vive la reine! Vive le commerce et la science des mécanismes! Vive la France! Vive la joie!

Et long vive Wilmot Breeden whose locks, handles, window-winders, bumpers, over-riders, etc., virtually every British car roads today, etc., now whizzing about all over Europe, etc.

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: *also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto*

for himself. Self-representation, in unfamiliar surroundings and harassed by time-pressed personages from another social world is, after all, an exacting art; and it is only a hypocrite who maintains that to blurt out the truth is enough. Besides, Mr Crabtree had found the truth a more and more puzzling commodity. It was not the same for him as for the police officers; and it was not the same, in every particular, for them. Confused, he started shouting and was lost.

It is, of course, a continuing scandal that there is still no provision for legal aid, under the 1949 Act, either in the magistrates' or in the criminal courts—where it is needed most. But adequate provision is by no means the only lack. What is monstrous is that men like Ernest Crabtree come before the courts unaware of what provision does exist. Recently, for instance, the public was given the right, under an overdue implementation of the 1949 Act, to seek the oral advice of a private solicitor for a very modest fee and, in some cases, for no fee at all. Yet there is no regulation under which the police, or the magistrates, must make this known to people who have been held in custody after their arrest, and so have been quite unable to obtain this information on their own initiative.

In Mr Crabtree's case the benefits lost through ignorance were very great. Any solicitor, consulted through his wife, would have told him to ask for a remand, and this might have enabled the magistrates to have before them the important findings of the juvenile court and to hear the evidence of the boy himself. Many solicitors would have represented Mr Crabtree for a fee which he could have paid by instalments; and in any case he would have been entitled, for the sum of 2s. 6d., to invaluable coaching for his own part in the proceedings.

Of course one cannot say that the magistrates would not still have sent this honest, if ham-fisted, *paterfamilias* to swell the statistics of imprisoned first offenders. But had Mr Crabtree been given the same chance before the law as other more literate and knowledgeable men, justice would have been better served all round; and he and his family and his vast acquaintance might have felt more confidence in the judicial system, if not in the police, than they now do.

AUDREY HARVEY

LET THEM EAT CAKE, said Marie

A VERY sensible remark, too. We all like cake, especially for tea. But the French, perhaps because they are foreign, don't go in very much for tea: and they were naturally a bit revolted by the idea of gâteau for petit déjeuner, gâteau for lunch, gâteau for dinner, and gâteau and cheese with their bedtime cocoa. So they just—revolted.

As Marie found out to her *pain*, the sans-culottes preferred the crisp crusty taste of bread on these occasions. And bread gave them the energy they needed to carry through the French Revolution: it gave them, perhaps, more protein, iron, niacin and Vitamin B_1 than any other single food. Even if you're an aristo it will do the same for you, at a price even aristos can afford—lower than that of any other basic food.

So make sure your family eats plenty of good fresh bread every day. Oh, and by the way—let them eat cake too, won't you?

National Food Survey 1958
In 1958, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 22.7% of the energy; 24.4% of the protein; 20% of the Vitamin B1; 27.7% of the niacin; and 25.8% of the iron.

Note:—All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour; Vitamin B_1—not less than 0.24 milligrams. Niacin—not less than 1.60 milligrams. Iron—not less than 1.65 milligrams.

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Badminton in Berar

I SPENT my happiest six months in India as manager of a ghost factory. It was a vegetable-oil mill in Berar, the black-soiled cotton country to the west of Nagpur, and it had been closed down for lack of money and competent directors. Only the two Gujeratis on the board knew anything about the business; but they, finding themselves always out-voted, had returned to Ahmedabad. After that their English colleagues had tried to go it alone from the comfort of their clubs in Bombay and Calcutta, 500 miles away.

There was also my predecessor, a wild bull of an engineer from Lyons. He had done wonders in rebuilding the mill and for a few months he ran it like an army barracks, but he suffered from delusions of colonial grandeur. He insisted on building himself an enormous bungalow and even planned on a swimming pool and tennis court, but he had barely completed the first storey when the company ran out of funds. Then he got in bad both with Delhi and the local municipality: with the latter by killing a ryot's donkey with his Studebaker, as well as by suspicious gifts of saris to his women labourers, as an incentive to night-work (on the building-site, of course, he assured me): with the former when the Home Ministry learnt of his war-time service with French intelligence in Indo-China. So he had to go, the mill was shut down, and I was sent from Bombay to stand guard over it until we could find a buyer, with a maintenance staff of two clerks, a chief engineer, a secretary, a cock-peon, and five *chowkidars* or watchmen.

The number of watchmen was one short, so my first excuse for peeking at the confidential files—by far the most interesting part of any office—came with a job application. 'Honoured Sir,' it began, in the old tradition of John Company, and the name at the end was Afzal Khan. This struck a chord, for about the time of Charles II Afzal Khan had been a Bijapuri general who was eviscerated by the Mahratta leader Shivaji with a weapon called the Wagh Nakht, or 'Tiger's Claws'. His namesake was unlucky, too, it seemed. He had worked as a *chowkidar* at the mill before, but had been fired. The dossier told me why. There were two counts against him. The first, in the words of his letter of appeal was that he had 'failed to give horn', that is, forgotten to sound the factory hooter at the end of a shift; the second, an 'act of God', that while he was on duty at the main gates a gust of wind had blown them against a manager's car, just as it was passing through.

Neither of these offences could now be repeated as the Studebaker had been sold and the hooter was no longer used—in fact it held a nest of wild bees. So I reinstated Afzal, and I also sold him the grazing rights for his buffalos in the five-acre compound. This was the first act of grace of the new regime—and the first of the invoices that typified it: 'To grass . . . Rs35'.

Soon there came another applicant, a grave old man called Daulatrao who had long, drooping white moustaches. He had been sacked by the newly-elected Communist municipal council, and one had to admit that from their point of view they had reason for it. For the past six months the company had been fighting the council over payment of five rupees *octroi* duty, and Daulatrao had kept the mill manager informed of every move the council meditated (in fact he wrote the letters for one side and then answered them for the other). In view of this and his expert knowledge of the Labour Code and Industrial Dispute Acts he was obviously a most deserving character. It was true he was stone deaf, but in an office where I spent most of my time trying to learn shorthand and teach it to my secretary, that hardly mattered. So I took him on, and in the evenings he taught me a form of Indian chess called *Jori*, or 'Guarded'. In this no piece can be taken if it's protected by another, and by half-way through the game all the pieces are usually locked together in the centre of the board like wrestlers, each player waiting for his opponent to make a move that will throw him off balance.

Some other applicants were less deserving. There was the man who brought his son and casually mentioned that my own application for a liquor permit—it was a prohibition area—had just come up before him. Then there was the sub-inspector of police, on behalf of a cousin-brother. He was the petty tyrant of the village, who on the very day I arrived had sent round to demand my residence permit, which, of course, Commonwealth citizens don't need. I refused to take his cousin, but that didn't stop the sub-inspector from trying to put in a good word for someone on another occasion. This was a Pathan *chowkidar* whom, for the second time, I had found in a drunken sleep while on night duty. It wasn't that I particularly objected, for after all the mill was insured and the company would have been only too glad, no doubt, if it had been burnt to the ground (I'd already abolished the Frenchman's custom of getting up in the middle of the night and blowing whistles to see if the watchmen were awake); but unhappily the head *chowkidar*, Keshan Mangguji, had a feud with the Pathan and insisted on bringing his faults to my notice.

Keshan was a delightful character. He was short and dark and always cheerful; he wore his khaki and Sam Browne with immense panache; but he was so damned conscientious! The Pathan, on the other hand, was a huge bladder of a man with a voice like thunder and a beard dyed red with henna. He was an ex-policeman, who made a good thing on the side out of illicit liquor distillers by combining blackmail with informing. Yet for all his vices I could not help liking him; in fact it was difficult to dislike anyone in that place. So when the sub-inspector pleaded for him, and even Keshan at last agreed, reluctantly, that it would be impolitic to dismiss him, I gladly imposed only a few days' suspension.

It was this Pathan who woke me at five o'clock one morning, when villagers in brown woollen shawls and carrying brass *lotahs* were already making their way past the bungalows to the edge of the millet fields.

'Sahib!' he boomed through the mosquito net. 'Sahib! Bunder margaya hai!'

I wasn't asleep, I never got much sleep except on the roof, at a season when the day-time shade temperature was over 115°, but his voice startled me as much as if I had been dreaming of 1857. What was this about dead monkeys? Surely he didn't mean he'd murdered Keshan? Then I dimly remembered hearing a thump outside the window just before the Pathan had entered. And there on the verandah was the body of a black-

Knight's move, or castle's?

Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

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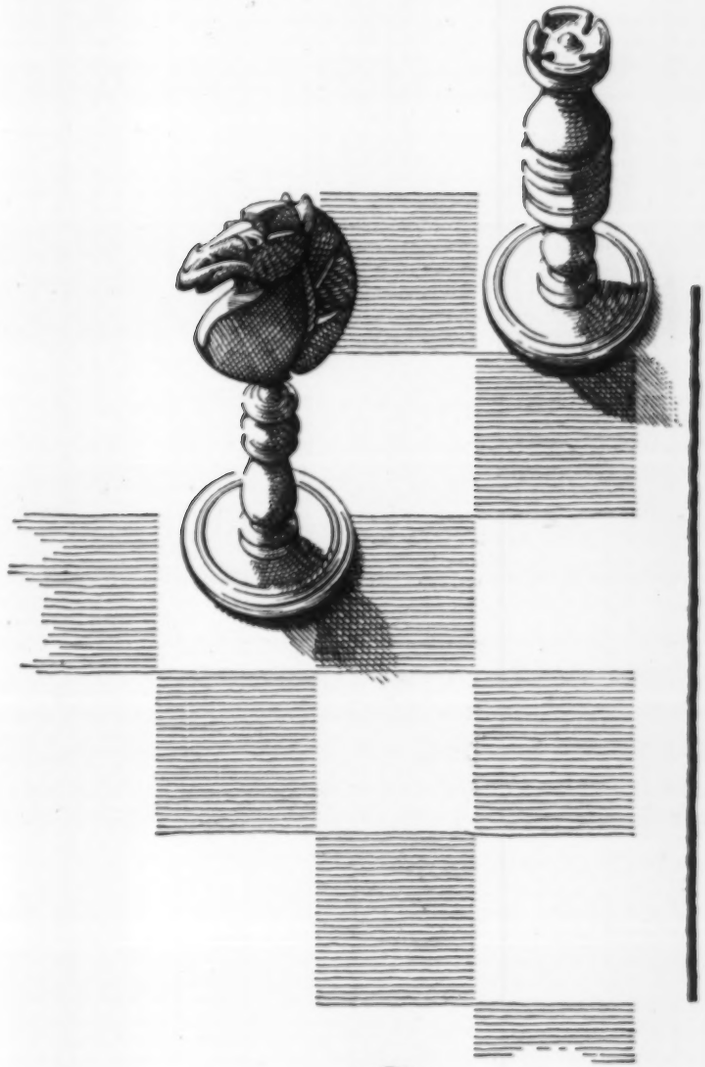

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faced langur, with a thin smear of blood at his nostrils. He measured nearly five feet from nose to rump, and his tail was as long again. He was one of a troop that lived on the factory roofs and came to drink at the water tap in the compound. Later in the morning the chief engineer solved the mystery of his death.

'The high tension wire,' he said laconically. 'He must be buried – also.' (That was how he always ended his sentences.) So the body was put on a stretcher and covered with flowers. All the staff carried it in procession to its grave and then stood around grinning while one of the Brahmin clerks recited mantras.

For days afterwards I came across monkeys everywhere, perched, still and sad, on the fan ventilators, peering into oil tanks, rummaging among the castor bushes. It seemed the dead monkey had been their leader and they missed him. I, on the other hand, was only too glad to be far away from mine. It was the only time I had ever been drawing a fat salary for enjoying myself. I pub-crawled among the bungalows of the Indian officials in the cantonment. I paid occasional visits to the cantonment club, a charming and dilapidated place covered with roses, with a scarred tennis court and a ripped billiard table and a swimming-tank overgrown with water hyacinth. My liquor I bought from a shop which squatted like a penitent at the foot of a hill, on top of which was a German convent. How I remember returning from those trips in the dark hours of the morning – driving, often half-cut, along silent jungle roads and narrowly missing unlighted bullock-carts, then falling asleep on the bungalow roof with a canopy of brilliant stars and a serenade of tireless cicadas. And at the mill, apart from chess, and books, and ping-pong and badminton in the main go-down, there were cycling picnics with the staff to local ruins to be organised – for Berar is heavy with history.

Freed, in fact, of all cares save the threat of attachment by the banyas who were harassing us with lawsuits, I was living out a rustic idyll in which 'business' was merely a dirty word. I even thought of keeping chickens and cows. Then one morning a letter arrived from head office. The managing director was coming through next day on the Nagpur Mail. He wasn't getting off, he avoided staying anywhere outside Calcutta, Bombay or Delhi if he could help it, but I was ordered to meet him at the station.

He appeared at the door of the carriage wearing pyjamas and a scowl. 'Well,' he said, 'we can't keep you here any longer. You must return to Bombay just as soon as you can get things organised. I expect you'll be only too glad to leave?'

I did return to the mill for periodic visits of inspection in the next 12 months, but my last was very sad. The place had been sold to a Marwari millionaire and everything was changed. No buffaloes grazed in the compound, no langurs swung over the roofs or showed their lyre tails above the long grass. The badminton net had gone, and so had my deck-chairs. Everywhere there were beam scales and conical piles of cotton seed, all the machinery was humming and champing, and the old staffs were being bullied by newcomers from Rajasthan. But 50 labourers from the village were again drawing wages of three rupees a day. It made me feel rather decadent. To me the silent plant had had only an aesthetic appeal, like Martian archaeology, but to the villagers, now that it was working, it meant food and employment. For the first time I realised why the empire had come to an end. And that was just how it felt.

PHILIP BEDFORD ROBINSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Poor Wozzeck

PERFORMANCES of twentieth-century operas are generally expected to prove something: for instance, that 'opera lives', or even that the opera public is not quite dead. The Stockholm Royal Opera's production of *Wozzeck* during the last week of the Edinburgh Festival at least had no need to prove to British audiences the vitality of Berg's work. That had been fulfilled magnificently by Kleiber at Covent Garden some years ago. For their part, the Swedish company demonstrated the less welcome fact that Berg's work is strong enough to survive all kinds of musical maltreatment. The audience responded by applauding with the utmost enthusiasm. But whereas the audience had the excuse that it was applauding Berg, the Press, with one or two exceptions, committed itself to approving a performance that sometimes verged on the incomprehensible.

Often there was complete confusion between principal and subsidiary parts in the more complex passages. To be sure, the acoustics of the King's Theatre tend to make everything sound like an old pre-electric gramophone recording, but the lack of vital characterisation in the simplest textures showed only too well what was wrong with the more complex ones. The conductor, Sixten Ehrling, lacks the feeling, and especially the Viennese feeling, for the line and rhythm of the music. He never achieves an expressive rubato, and at the very simplest level, the waltzes don't waltz – the little waltz fragment as the Doctor chides the Captain about his bull-neck lost all meaning through the faulty interpretation of its second beat. The beer-garden Ländler suffered in another way. Berg makes it quite clear that he does not wish this music to be drowned in drunkenness. He specifically asks for two *good* violinists, but at Edinburgh, the stage band might have been playing almost anything. This may have been legitimate from the point of view of stage realism, but musically it was quite unacceptable. The same policy prevailed with regard to the solo piano in the tavern scene of Act III. This scene is the remarkable and original 'Invention on a Rhythm', and the treble part of the piano is marked *Hauptstimme* for the very good reason that it presents the rhythm on which the scene is invented. But the pianist was allowed to make no more than an indeterminately hectic strumming noise, reducing a genuine musical idea to the level of an extraneous sound effect.

The nature of the interpretation and the standard of the orchestral playing confirmed the fears about this company which had been aroused by their *Walküre*. On the other hand, much of the singing, as in *Walküre*, was worthy of the company's high reputation. Indeed in some cases it surpassed anything we heard in Kleiber's Covent Garden performance. Sven Erik Vikström and Arne Tyrén had a very good idea of the Captain and the Doctor respectively, though the *buffo* element in the relationship of that ghastly couple should not be overstressed. The Wozzeck of Erik Saeden was more successful musically than dramatically, and suffered further from the fact that Elisabeth Söderström's Marie was equally incapable of suggesting those precipices and chasms of the soul which Büchner's Wozzeck discerns. Of course Marie's condition is hardly pathological, but there is some point in our being made to believe that even as a child she could overawe an adult (her father). In that ferocious strength she is a match, more complex and more touching than Mérimée's Carmen, for the vast obsessions of Wozzeck. The vastness is fundamental: even at the very foot of the chasm, Wozzeck still understands, however inarticulately, that somewhere at the top there is light. The extreme of degradation implies the existence of the other extreme. The much smaller madness of the Doctor is not a matter of degradation. Yet in that contrast with Wozzeck there is unity, for even in the windowless cell of his lunacy, the Doctor concedes the possibility of salvation.

The element of abnormality in *Wozzeck* has to be clearly and forcefully interpreted, for the effective presentation of a norm depends on it. 'The idea of the opera,' writes Berg, 'by far transcends the personal destiny of Wozzeck.' None the less, we are constantly being told that it is only the music which transcends anything, and that the 'idea of the opera' is such that the work can at best be described as 'a sordid masterpiece'. This cheap journalistic slander reveals a complete lack of understanding, not least when repeated in high places. Although Büchner's Drum-Major is little more than a Baron Ochs several notches down the social scale, it could be argued that in every important respect Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* has more

THIS MAN'S JUDGEMENT...

It is not important to know precisely what the man in the picture is doing. Go into any modern factory and you will find people like him at the control panels. What is important is that he has never mattered more. His judgement is the critical factor in today's industrial processes.

In an age when industry is developing faster than ever before, each year sees some great technological advance. More and more processes mechanized; new techniques needing new machines to make things better and cheaper.

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CITY OF STEEL

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This is Broadsheet No. 15 from the City of Steel

right to the epithet 'sordid' than Berg's *Wozzeck*. The comparison is encouraged by the fact that Berg's talent, for all its formal preoccupations, is of a somewhat Straussian order. But although he is apt to lapse into a certain weak sentimentality, and although he sometimes vulgarises his models (compare the much greater concision and refinement in the relevant passages in Schoenberg's early dramatic music) he stands up very well to the comparison with Strauss. Despite its faults, the Stockholm Opera's production showed once again that this work will live.

DAVID DREW

Images of Italy

During a recent brief visit to Rome, I learned a little about the present state of television in Italy. There are 1,350,000 sets; but, as many of these are in bars, the average number of viewers per set (probably 5+) is higher than in Britain. Both television and sound-radio are controlled by what is, in theory, a private joint-stock company which has an exclusive concession until 1972; but in practice there is a State monopoly, since something like 98 per cent. of the stock in this company is owned by the State through the Istituto Ricostruzione Industriale. This set-up has been attacked as unconstitutional, and is shortly to be discussed by the Constitutional Court. Revenue is derived partly from licence-fees. For TV alone, the licence costs about £8 (how British viewers would howl!); for radio, 27 million listeners pay another £2. But, despite assurances given when TV began in 1956, there is now also a revenue of some £3 millions from commercials. These are limited to 14 minutes a day: there are four 2½-minute programmes (two minutes consisting of entertainment in which the advertised product may not be mentioned, and half-a-minute of advertising) and eight half-minute spots, near the time-signals.

No doubt the licence-fee revenue will rise steadily; but the mountainous terrain makes Italy a peculiarly difficult country for TV to cover completely, and it may be some time before a second channel is practicable.

Because it is not easy in Rome, at the best part of the summer, to sit indoors viewing, I cannot risk many generalisations about the content of Italian TV programmes; but the Italians are not, after all, less interested in money than the British, and there seems no doubt that they have fallen as firmly as we under the spell of the American-type giveaway quiz. The most popular of all TV programmes – it has lately finished after a three-year run – was *Lascia o Raddoppia*: or, as we say, *Double Your Money*. With only the number of sets that I have already mentioned, this programme achieved an audience of 20 millions.

There are far fewer political discussion programmes than we have. There is, indeed, *no* programme like *Free Speech*, or even like *The Brains Trust*, because in Italy, nominally now a democracy, there can be no free public political discussion – for two reasons. One is the overwhelming strength of the Demochristian government: there is no adequate, coherent opposition to protest against the consistent pro-government bias of the news-bulletins. When this goes too far, however, it may excite ridicule, as when TV showed, at carefully spaced intervals, no fewer than five inaugurations – by the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Public Works, and two other odds and sods – of the same new *autostrada* from Milan to Naples.

The other reason why there is no free discussion is, of course, the power of the Church. There is a strong (but officially non-existent) clerical censorship, directed both against dangerous ideas and against breaches of the dominant code of sexual morality. If a ballerina shows an inch too much leg, if a comedian risks a joke with a double meaning, early next day a monsignor will be on the telephone to a TV high-up, saying how grieved the Holy Father had been to learn of the deterioration in the programmes; or there will be a disapproving paragraph in the *Osservatore Romano*. This tendency, also, has been carried to absurd extremes, no doubt because the TV bosses are *plus papale que le Pape*: because the word *membro* (member) has in Italian, as in English, a biological as well as its ordinary meaning, there is, or was recently, as absolute ban on its use in any sense, so that a member of a learned organisation has to be described as belonging to it, or by some other periphrasis.

One of the most successful performers on Italian TV is Padre Rotondi, a Jesuit who does a live unscripted commentary on topical moral problems. Recently, for instance, a girl stabbed her seducer: commenting on the case (before the trial), Padre Rotondi praised her heroic virtue.

Unlike the British 'pop' and disc programmes, some Italian ones seem to be aimed at an adult rather than a teenage audience. Several of the singers in one that I saw, *Canzonissima*, were plain, middle-aged, and plump – indeed, almost literally square. On the other hand, they had one gift: they could sing. Apparently even the young in Italy can take this curious combination.

Some items in this programme, however, were enlivened by the puppets of Maria Perego, a young, scholarly Venetian who has an elaborate and diverse range of techniques in puppetry, sometimes using as many as four people to manipulate one puppet, sometimes portraying not only people and animals but flowers – *e.g.*, talking sunflowers. Her talents may soon be displayed on British television in what should be a remarkably interesting serial – a 26-instalment adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland* in which the only human actor will be Alice herself. This ambitious effort is being planned by a gifted producer, Cesare Mancini, who is contemplating also what he is convinced can be entertaining documentary programmes on mathematics and money.

From Italy, too, we shall see, in a year's time, a large part of the next Olympic Games – if, that is, the enormous gap between the price demanded by the sponsors and the price offered by Eurovision can be bridged at a conference to be held in Rome on 1 October. (CBS have already got the North American rights.)

TOM DRIBERG

The Weight

LEON KOSSOFF (Beaux Arts) was born in London in 1926 and is undoubtedly far above our general level of chic mediocrity. He may even, eventually, become much better than that rather safe pronouncement suggests.

He paints landscapes of London and single figures. His colours are earth colours. And the pigment itself is shockingly thick, rising in places to 2½ inches above the original picture surface. (I say shockingly because such an innovation is bound to shock at first whether justified or not.) The way he paints his forms depends partly upon colour and tone, but also upon his digging into this mass of paint and so making indented lines as in a relief. Texturally his pictures look as if they were made of coloured, solidified engine grease as put into a grease gun. His drawings are in their own way equally heavily worked, and very black. His idiom is expressionist, but at the same time more analytical of spatial structure than, say, Rouault or Soutine. Probably his studies with Bomberg taught him to be analytical in this way. Kossoff is another painter who bears out my contention that Bomberg is the most constructive influence today amongst the young in this country. The general mood of Kossoff's work is profoundly pessimistic and might be compared to Beckett's: the same hatred of any sensuous pleasure, the same modesty, the same belief in the equality of hopelessness – which in a ruthless, self-seeking society looks like compassion, but in fact isn't.

Nevertheless I was impressed. Forget about the thickness of the paint, the unpleasantness of the material, and stand where you can best see these paintings, undistracted by the means the artist has chosen to use. You'll then see that he has created images, which may be bare and joyless but which have authority. Why? Because of their considerable strength of drawing and composition. Despite the churned-up medium, there is nothing sloppy or broken about the way the essential masses and planes are rendered. His brooding, hunched-up figures fit into their panels as tensely, as properly as medieval figures into their niches. His heads are as solid as their stone ones and the clotted disfigurations of the pigment are as superficial as disfigurations caused by time and weather. It is not because the panels are big that they can be called monumental, but for this reason – which is confirmed again by the drawings. In these the receding plane of a table top or the turning surface of a head is established as an absolutely primary fact – as in Masaccio or Mantegna, both of whom, I'm sure, Kossoff particularly admires. Or look at his drawings of building sites seen from

BERTRAND RUSSELL: "I wish that it could be read by every adult in both the Eastern and Western blocs. With admirable skill, it brings home to the reader the madness of present policies and the utter disaster to which it may lead."

LEVEL SEVEN

J. B. PRIESTLEY: "The best comment there has been so far on the ghastly imbecility of nuclear armaments . . . so powerful, deeply imaginative, haunting. . . ."

A prophetic novel of nuclear warfare by Mordecai Roshwald. *Monday.* *Heinemann*, 15*s*

WHERE ARE THE LOST TRIBES OF LABOUR VOTERS?

LABOUR BELIEVE their support in the country is something like an iceberg upside down. Nine-tenths of it is always visible—the solid body of faithful Labour voters. The other tenth, below the surface, is friendly to Labour but not utterly committed. Voters in 1951; abstainers in 1955; potential voters—for victory in 1959. . . .

Who knows? At a time like this your own guess is as good as the next man's—and better if you read the News Chronicle—the newspaper with the Gallup Poll. The Gallup Poll gives you measured facts and figures to guide your judgment. In the next weeks those figures will chart the jagged peaks of opinion that are typical of election fever. So take the News Chronicle—regularly.

News Chronicle

the newspaper with the **GALLUP POLL**

above. Anyone who can create and control space like that – unaided by any comparative scale or confirming detail – is a true draughtsman.

Kossoff's predicament is, I think, in the broad sense of the word an ideological one. He paints to emphasise the primacy of matter – hence his monumentality, his emphasis of mass and his use of the medium. Yet at the same time he is overwhelmed by the powerlessness of man in face of the material world – hence his profound pessimism. He is too honest to resort to religion, and yet can find no explanation for the crushing weight of suffering. Other critics have been made uncomfortable by his sense of tragedy. I am not. I sympathise. But to turn a sense of tragedy into a tragic work of art one must believe in the possibility of the happy alternative. And so – paradoxically – if Kossoff's understanding can make him rise above his own pessimism, he could become a tragic artist of real significance.

JOHN BERGER

On Tair Carn Isaf

ADOLF LOOS, the twisted Viennese moralist who became the bad conscience of modern architecture, was a man who liked things simple. On one of the few occasions that he permitted himself a definition of architecture, he wrote 'When we find a mound of earth in the woods, six feet long and three feet wide, shovelled up into a rough pyramid, we turn serious, and a voice inside us says "Here lies . . ." *That is architecture*'.

This passage came back to me as I humped up the last two hundred yards of rock and heather to the cairn on the western shoulder of Tair Carn Isaf, most westerly outcrop of the Black Mountain. No surprise that such words should come, fifteen hundred feet above the property politics of Aberdare, the 'Pylons or poverty' of Trawsfynydd. A rude cairn on a mountain ought to come as close to the basic bones of architecture as a woodland grave – yet no amount of mental effort would make the words fit the scene. The atmosphere was all wrong, up there on the bare tumbled rocks. The light – unlike the shadowed gloom of Loos's *Wienerwald* – was blanched with ultraviolet (and strontium 90, no doubt) and beat back from the limestone with a spectral, otherworldly intensity that polaroids only served to accentuate. And the cairn – no, three cairns I could see now – encouraged no empathy. Pointless and ineluctable, they simply prompted the inner voice to inquire what Cymric goons, in the grip of what Ozymandias-complex, would have bothered to raise them there on sites commanding views of nothing but sheep and heather.

Artefacts and atmosphere alike seemed so alien that the scene could be paralleled only in Science Fiction – I was one of Beam Piper's Terran archæologists confronted with the monuments of Mars, and somewhere around would be the rest of the landing party and their bubble-dome shelter. But then I saw that Terran explorers had indeed been there. On the flat between the first two cairns stood the stumpy concrete obelisk of an Ordnance Survey triangulation point.

And it jarred. So much so that I had to think about it there and then, and – following the conventions laid down in three generations of tweed-bound literature – I ascertained which was the lee side of the cairn and sat down to light a pipe. But, at once, another prefabricated response blew up in my face. The pipe had an aircooled aluminium stem, the lighter was butane-fuelled and had a Cadillac 'V' on the side. Yet they made a good smoke, and they could live with the landscape and the fairy-tale battlements of Castell Carreg Cennen across the valley, whereas the triangulation-point just seemed to dirty things up. It destroyed the landscape as surely as the sheep that were eating the grass cover off the peat-beds, exposing the crumbly black compost to wind, weather and erosion.

But – surely – it shouldn't be like this with the Ordnance Survey? Consider the magnitude of the enterprise, the precision with which an invisible network of sight-lines had been laid across the hills, so that the order in which they stood could be got down on paper. Here was an achievement deserving a flourish of Corbusian rhetoric about *la mainmise de l'homme sur la nature*.

No? No – the thing was a mess in itself, rust-stained from its metal fitments. It was a mess functionally, weathered down to a drab grey-brown that made it invisible against the landscape, and thus useless as a sighting-point – later in the day I found another, wrapped in clean white lining paper to make it visible! Failed on looks, failed on function, failed for cultural inertia, too, for what else could force the classical, obelisk form, apt to stone and primitive technology, on a machine-age material whose nature enjoins no form in particular. Culturally, the whole Ordnance Survey set-up enjoins the corny form. Ordnance: word redolent of Wardour Street militarism, Goonshow armadas, dead word for a dead military technique.

An old, half-timbered aeroplane – a Dakota – buzzing overhead helped to underline the point, for the half-inch Ordnance Survey map in my pocket pretty certainly had the last two of its many revisions made on the basis of aerial photography. The whole ritual of flat-earth triangulation and overgrown boy scouts with theodolites had died about the time this pseudo-classical eyesore was manhandled into position across a mile or more of rough country. The new, Intercontinental, ballistics depend on another order of mathematics, and on 'terrain-examination' that has no use for the cartographers' conventional signs.

All right, so this is a concrete monument to the dead arm – artillery – of an obsolete social technique – war. What about Castell Carreg Cennen over there? That should offend as well. No, firstly it's big, that helps, and secondly it's very old – and that helps even more. But chiefly it's a triumph, not a failure, by the technical standards of its own times. It worked – it was never taken by force – and its construction was a technical masterpiece, built overhand, from the inside, on the very edge of a precipice that could neither be scaled nor scaffolded.

The idea of success or failure by the norms of the time is an accepted standard (if not a universal one) for evaluating buildings as architecture – it is the moral basis on which we scorn the revival of dead styles – but it is almost an absolute standard for evaluating buildings in the natural landscape. For the landscape as found must represent the pattern of ecological success for its time and place, it can never be anything but up to date. Against the ruthless standard of nature, red in tooth and claw, only the most spit-hot artefacts can survive. The trivial pipe is competitive, so is the portentous castle, the dirty obelisk is not. One of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic domes could be dropped here by helicopter, and have no need to be ashamed; but there isn't an architect in the world who could design a building of conventional construction that would do anything but make subtopia among the cairns. Nature is for the tech-men, strictly.

REYNER BANHAM

THIS MONTH'S
NEW
ACES

Bach **Cantata No. 11 — Praise our God; Cantata No. 67 — Hold in affection Jesus Christ; Jesu, joy of man's desiring** — from Cantata No. 147
Ena Mitchell, Kathleen Ferrier, William Herbert, William Parsons with **The Cantata Singers** and **The Jacques Orchestra** conducted by **Dr. Reginald Jacques**
ACL 52

Ravel **Daphnis et Chloé** — ballet
The Motet Choir of Geneva and **L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande** conducted by **Ernest Ansermet**
ACL 53

Grieg **Peer Gynt suites, Nos. 1 and 2**
The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by **Basil Cameron**
ACL 54

Elgar **Variations on an original theme, Op. 36 — 'Enigma'; *Purcell* Suite from the dramatic music**
The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by **Sir Malcolm Sargent**
ACL 55

Haydn **Concerto for trumpet and orchestra in E flat; *Vivaldi* Concerto for two trumpets and orchestra in C; *Purcell* Tune and air for trumpet and orchestra in D; Voluntary for two trumpets in C; Trumpet voluntary in D; Sonata for trumpet and strings in D**
The Unicorn Concert Orchestra conducted by **Harry Dickson**
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The Crooked Smile

THE British do not have much talent for musical comedy. Its convention of tuneful sentimentality needs a great deal of bouncing conviction in two simple beliefs: first, that everyone is at heart a good guy; second, that a rousing chorus, like the old-fashioned cold bath, will cure all evils, especially sex. British sentiment, unfortunately, runs to gentility; instead of the wisecrack we have whimsy; instead of cops we have bobbies. *The Crooked Mile* (at the Cambridge) is a particularly game attempt to get away from this. The setting is darkest Soho, the heroes are crooks and tarts, Peter Wildeblood's lyrics are often extremely witty – he even manages to get a quote from Gertrude Stein into a prostitute's song – Peter Greenwell's tunes are pleasant and catchy. But, of course, niceness has to win in the end. Elisabeth Welch does have her illusions of matrimonial grandeur with a wealthy and bright-toothed American, but she gives them all up and goes back to live in the staidest sin with Jack MacGowran. Mr MacG is less a crook than his usual wistful, ineffectual and cowardly self. He and his gang are the warmest-hearted bunch of thugs that you could hope to meet in a day's march. Even the burly Elwyn Brook-Jones, who is apparently the terror of Soho, discovers, between bouts of pot, his long-lost teddy bear. But the one undoubted and unrepentant heroine of the show is Millicent Martin, a tart with a passion for gardening. She not only has the best numbers to sing, she is also the only one to deliver her dialogue with the same speed and gusto as her songs. Her fading, nasal plangency added an extra range of liveliness and satire to an evening which, without her, would have been merely pleasant and tuneful.

The Quiz Kid (Lyric, Hammersmith) is a more conventional affair, though in theory it is more ambitious. It takes in most of the present-day scourges: the telly, the coffee bars, debby-arty parties, the cult of the dollar. But Jimmy Thompson, who wrote it and plays the lead, grinds away without ever managing to put a properly cutting edge on the satire. Again, it is a woman who comes to the rescue: this time, Doris Hare, who parodies everything from a tippling Yiddish momma to a well-known feminine TV poet. Diana Decker makes as much as possible of the classic dumb blonde.

A. ALVAREZ

De Sica Again

AMONG films born unlucky must be counted the new De Sica film at the Cinephone. New to us, it was made some years ago from that brilliant book of stories, Marotta's *Neapolitan Gold*. Perhaps it was a mistake for De Sica to relinquish Neo-Realism for fiction of a twirled, comic, lyrical type: at any rate, six of these stories, chosen for their contrasts of sentiment and farce, were to make six episodes in a whole linked by the odours, grievances and gaieties of Naples. *Gold of Naples* (as it now emerges at the Cinephone) has lost two of its episodes: one – couldn't this have been guessed? – drew the most sympathetic praise from critics at Cannes. So, years later, pruned of its best, hacked in we don't know what other ways, *Gold of Naples* reaches London; and at the press-view the reels are shown in the wrong order, so that most of the episodes end before they begin in an affrighting muddle hardly to be set right by seeing them later in correct order.

In these circumstances it is hard to say more than that *Gold of Naples*, in its present shape, scarcely comes up to our expectations of De Sica. Haphazard, thin in some places, overdone in others, it is brilliant by moments, especially those of comedy. The mock pieties of the first tale and the fat sponger who has gained a stranglehold on a maddened family; the ceremonious march to open a new grocer's shop with a glorification of spaghetti; the newly widowed man who tries to jump off a roof, making sure that there are hands ready to hold him back and force him to eat a splendid meal; passages in the anecdote of an old aristocratic gambler (De Sica himself) who insists on playing cards with the house porter's unwilling little boy: these deftly and exuberantly snatch at the possibilities of the golden tall story, though they may not quite make up the laughter and tears intended. However, there is consolation here for a spectacle of a talent of its day.

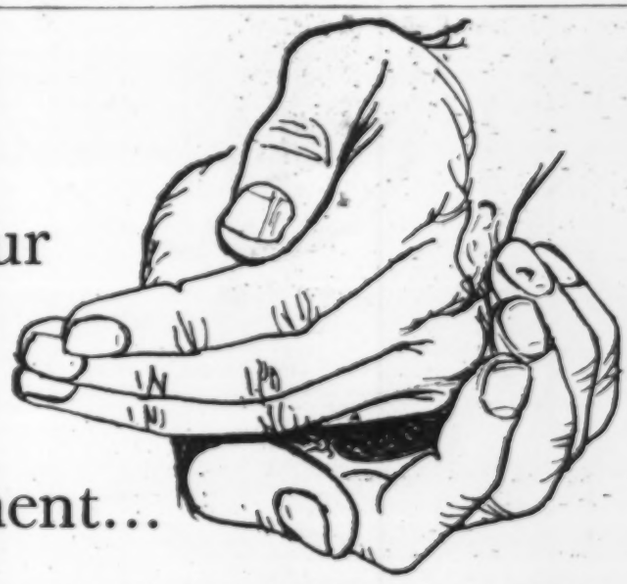
Ingmar Bergman's *Port of Call* (Paris-Pullman) will be new except to those who met it during the season at the National Film Theatre. It is rewarding enough to see again. The harbour at Gothenburg provides one of his most beautiful backgrounds; a shifting fascination, from masts to holds, from the girl who in the first moments throws herself into the water, to the embittered sailor who afterwards picks her up in a dance hall and then falls in love with her. She has been to a reformatory; their idyll, set against industrial hummocks, cheap apartments, dance halls and streets, is realised with passion and Bergman's usual finesse in dark turnings of the soul. She tells him all her misery; he recoils, flings off; they meet again, and, meaning to escape everything, decide on staying. This is one of Bergman's most successful films before he quite came into his own (its date is 1948), with nothing sketchy, dragged in, or over-dramatised. And his ill-adventured young lovers are – as usual – convincing. Nina-Christine Jonnson and Bengkt Eklund in the chief parts give a powerful sense of life behind locked doors: we don't detach ourselves to think how well they are acting.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ballets USA, at the Piccadilly

I have often complained that the dancers of classical ballet companies in Britain go about with ghastly gargoyle grins fixed eternally on their faces; but Jerome Robbins's American company goes to the opposite extreme. The serious, rather strained expressions on almost all the dancers' faces, all the time, give an extra sense of purpose to their already stunningly purposeful performance. They seem also to be deliberately suppressing their individuality, so that the mechanics of the choreography can be more definitely expressed. Jerome Robbins is above all a choreographer of clear definitions. His cunning effects of contrapuntal movement are most deliberately shown in the ballet *Moves*, which has no music, but a complicated series of patterns which the dancers weave with their limbs in perfect time. But this lack of music makes the patterns seem lifeless after a while and *Afternoon of a Faun* comes as a relief. Mr Jones's black-brown bodily fervour made a ravishing contrast to Miss Curley's milky blonde temperance. John Jones is the company's finest dancer, with a much more sensitive musical feeling than any of the others, who do not phrase their jazz or their ballet with any degree of subtlety, but always remain jolly good machines for action. This company is contemporary, expert, serious. The audience roared its satisfaction. Yet I found myself emotionally untouched; in spite of the fresh vigour of these young Americans there is too little sensibility to excite the imagination.

A. F.



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[NCT 113a]

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Correspondence

CHALLENGING THE TORIES

SIR,—May I, as a humble elector and supporter of the Labour Party, suggest four points on the domestic front that I believe ought to be strongly made during the election:

(1) *The success of nationalisation* upon which all our present prosperity has been built—I refer to the rescue of the coal industry and the railways from the dereliction in which private ownership and the war had left them—and the Labour government's foresight in streamlining the gas, electricity and air industries, and founding the Atomic Energy Commission.

The nation needs its eyes opened to the fact that we have all been brain-washed by the Tories on the subject of nationalisation at a cost of millions of pounds, in order to keep their free-enterprise supporters sweet. Yet all the time the Tories have been compelled to increase the sector of public aid to bolster private enterprise, viz. cotton, steel, civil aviation, etc.—what hypocrisy! The success of nationalisation need as much emphasis as the reverse.

(2) The electorate should be helped to see clearly that *the only valid comparisons in governmental efficiency* are those showing the UK's record year by year, in production, exports, cost of living control and wages, beside that of other European powers—top of the league under Labour, and well down under the Tories. The oft-repeated six years under Labour versus six years under Conservatives, with no reference either to other countries at the same time or to the Second World War, needs to be nailed for the sharp practice that it is.

(3) Linked to the first point, the Tories need to be challenged on *their belief in free enterprise or a mixed economy*. The Labour Party has been honest in both preaching and practising a mixed economy. The Conservatives shout about free enterprise, denigrate public enterprise, and yet in practice steal the Labour Party's clothes and increasingly mix our economy because it's the only way it works. At the same time, of course, they claim to be the party of new ideas, and do all in their power to misrepresent the Labour Party as the party that believes only in nationalisation and controls—a blatant lie.

(4) *A property-owning democracy*—the electors should be asked to look at the inner meaning of this slogan. The ultimate question is: what kind of property do the Tories want us to have? For there are two kinds—the kind that has power attached to it and the kind that has none. They will let us have TV sets, cars, our own houses, better clothes and, grudgingly, better wages. Labour would do all that gladly. But after seven years of Tory government is there any real change, any juster distribution, in the property that means power. Still ten per cent. of the people own 80 or 90 per cent. of the land, the machinery and the shares, that mean power and control over our lives. It's the property that means power that needs to be shared or commonly owned if we really believe in democracy. We must not be spoofed by the abundance of things to which no real power is attached, while the Tories who do not believe in controls continue to control us to their own benefit.

L. DAVID LEVISON

St Columba's Manse
Raeburn Path
Glenrothes, Fife

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—Mr C. H. Norman's letter in your issue of 12 September must have been written in a state of trance. He states categorically 'The writing in the volumes deposited at the Record Office are not really like Casement's genuine handwriting'. How does he know? I understand that he has never set eyes on them. The 'two sheets' Mr Norman mentions as having been 'excluded' at the Casement trial were not, in fact, excluded, and in any case had nothing whatever to do with the diaries under discussion. He can only be referring to the short diary Casement kept on the voyage from Berlin to Kerry. A policeman testified that the sheets were found at his arrest but evidence that they were in Casement's handwriting was never offered in Court. It would not have been worth while as two other documents established his connection with Germany; there is no evidence that the Foreign Office was consulted.

The remaining items in Mr Norman's letter are almost without exception on a similar plane and are even less worthy of discussion.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions
SW3

SIR,—Critic states that '. . . experts, including Dr Fairfield' . . . have examined the documents allegedly written by Roger David Casement. He omits to mention Dr Herbert O. Mackey, who is an expert on forged handwriting (on what are those other people 'expert' in any relevant sphere?) and used the instruments of his craft (NOT just a magnifying-glass that some Oxford don might have on his desk, as did Dr Fairfield). He said that there is evidence of interpolation and erasure. Before the examination, he said that he would not hesitate to pronounce them genuine if he found them so. I understand that he will examine them further.

There is a journalist in the United States who was shown these documents when Casement was up for trial. His description of them does not tally with that of the documents lately examined.

PATRICK J. N. BURY

Ballymountain House
Waterford
Ireland

BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR,—The West Indian has been under fire in your correspondence columns, but I can find no record of any reply from an actual West Indian. Sheila Leslie was the last straw. Why is it that far too many White people expect the Negro to be faultless? And when they find that, like other people, he isn't, much attention is trained on him with the aim to discredit. I wonder how many White men here are guilty of the behaviour Sheila Leslie and others accuse the West Indian of—or, more correctly, the Jamaican; for most people here generalise about West Indians when they've only had dealings with a handful of Jamaicans—whereas we Negroes experience a difference in the behaviour of the person born and bred in Hampstead and that of his counterpart in Bethnal Green—in the *same city*!

Nothing would delight me more than to take some of these people who talk with so much false authenticity about the West Indian to my home in British Guiana and show them round Georgetown to learn how the ordinary person there lives and behaves. It might astonish most to know that the standard of behaviour in Georgetown is higher than that of London. Where I come from it would be considered distasteful for a woman to strip to a mere bikini to sun herself in a park; here it's a common sight (though, speaking as a man, a pleasant one). In B.G., of course, it's accepted for one to sit out on the porch on a very hot day to laugh, talk and perhaps sing. Here, people recoil at the thought.

Not all Negroes 'smell'. Not all English people are bigots. It is essential that thoughtful persons here do not mistake the undesirable character of a minute proportion of West Indians over here to be the recognised behaviour pattern of widely-scattered Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and British Guiana.

Finally, I resent the insinuation of Sheila Leslie (and others) that I may be a bastard. I allow only my friends to call me that.

L. W. ALLEYNE

Notting Hill Gate

THE STATE AND THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—You assure us that 'fears that setting up a commission (on the universities) presents in some way a threat to academic freedom are groundless'. Well, of course, it is possible that the arguments on which many of us have in the past based our fears could be shown to be invalid; but your assurance might carry more weight, were it backed with an attempt to meet those arguments in detail. Since you can obviously not permit an exhaustive rehearsal of them in a letter, I should like to refer you and your readers to the valuable discussion which has been going on in *Universities Quarterly* since November 1958, between Lord Simon of Wythenshawe and various representative members of university staffs; and more particularly to the important article by Professor William Walsh in last February's issue.

The general threat to academic freedom which undoubtedly exists in our present society has two aspects. On the one hand the universities, considered as self-governing institutions, are subjected to constant and growing pressure from outside bodies, notably governmental (national and local) and commercial. Their vulnerability to this pressure springs, of course, from their increasing financial dependence on subsidies from the outside. The role of the University Grant's Committee here is by no means unequivocal: it is quite as much a source of such external pressure as a protection from it.

The other aspect to which I want to refer is less tangible and more insidious. It is the threat presented to the independent tradition of fearless critical thinking, which is the universities' *raisón d'être*, by the utilitarianism which is to many of us the most dispiriting feature of the contemporary world. This threat has the form of a trojan horse, for utilitarianism threatens independence of thought *within* the universities themselves. Nor is this just a matter of conflict between individuals, but a struggle which we must all constantly wage within ourselves in trying to maintain the integrity of our own thinking.

Both these aspects should be taken into account in weighing up the implications of a Royal Commission. First, such a Commission clearly would be a source and channel of pressure in my first sense. This might not matter so much if it could be expected to follow genuinely critical, independent lines of thought in its own deliberations. But unfortunately, for a variety

ENCOUNTER

The September issue, just out, includes

Andrew Shonfield
A DEADLOCK ON THE LEFT

Herbert Passin
REPORT FROM BLACK AFRICA

Michael Astor
CHILDHOOD AT CLIVEDEN

Erich Heller
LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

Also: Robert Graves on the recently discovered play by Menander; Karl Miller on Beckett; Geoffrey Grigson on the Romantic Movement Exhibition; Robert Brustein on Shakespeare in America; Philip Toynbee on Saul Bellow.

* * * * * * *

Owing to the printing strike, the August issue was published late. It is still available through newsagents or from the address below.

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of reasons, the kind of person who would be likely to be appointed to, and taken seriously by, such a Commission will be the one on whom utilitarianism has the greatest hold. The very idea of a Royal Commission, as you present it, is a utilitarian one. You speak of 'an exhaustive inquiry into the whole system', as if the universities were, or should be, organised to serve some end, or produce some product, defined *for* them from the outside. But once that idea finally gets the upper hand, we shall witness the end of the universities as centres of genuinely independent inquiry.

PETER WINCH

University College of Swansea

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—The Students' Union at Reading boasts no Labour, Liberal or Conservative Clubs, but receives active co-operation from all the main parties to secure a balanced diet for students through an unusual organisation known as the Political Club. Its committee, a mixture of Radicals, Socialists, Liberals and Tories, manages without undue bickering to present during autumn and Lent terms a programme of about 20 debates and lectures, designed to give those interested a broad insight into present-day political thought and activity. Such an atmosphere achieves a very great deal in mutual understanding, an aspect often grossly underplayed, largely because whether members are red, buff, or blue, they attend the majority of meetings. So long as they are attending separate clubs, the audience will tend to be made up of persons either favourable to the views expressed or violently opposed. Our system at Reading, encouraged greatly by Sir John Wolfenden, does away with this to a considerable degree.

Our problems remain numerous none the less. 'Active co-operation' from the Labour Party is noticeably less than from the Tories, Liberals and Communists. Past organising secretaries at Reading have often had extreme difficulty in bringing Labour speakers along. The Federation of University Conservative and Unionist Associations, under Miss B. L. Turner, its secretary, is able to give far more assistance to us at all times. Despite opposition from Oxbridge, which one suspects of being unwilling to lay down its previous dominance, a permanent secretary for Labour in the universities would be a great help to us at Reading.

GORDON S. C. WILLIS
Organising Secretary

URSU Political Club
St. Patrick's Hall
Reading

BRECHT'S UNORTHODOXY

SIR,—Mr John Mander's article on the East German literary scene in your German Literature Number contains some perceptive reporting. It is all the more puzzling that it also includes a really monumental howler. Mr Mander quotes a poem by Brecht. He has translated this poem. But he does not seem to have read it. Certainly he has not understood it. This poem, *Evil Morning*, dated by its posthumous editors '1953' (and not 'Summer 1953' as Mr Mander imagines), describes the poet's feeling of malaise on the morning after a night in which he dreamt of

> . . . fingers pointed at me
> As at a leper. They were work-worn
> And they were broken.
> 'You don't know!' I cried,
> Conscious of guilt.

Mr Mander is under the impression that this poem has been interpreted as an expression of Brecht's 'bad conscience about his part in the Workers' Rising of 17 June 1953'. Brecht never had any part in that rising, nor has anyone ever, to my knowledge, given the poem this interpretation. To attack this Aunt Sally Mr Mander produces an interpretation of his own which crams more misreadings into the space of a few lines than one would have thought possible: 'The guilt from which Brecht suffered in his dream . . . was not different from the guilt he had

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Our flag shall be a symbol
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O God of all creation,
Grant this our one request,
Help us to build a nation
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And so with peace and plenty
Nigeria may be blessed.

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5. No entries will be returned and the Federal Government retains the copyright of the composition selected as the National Anthem.

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34/36 Ikoyi Road,
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and marked "National Anthem" on the outer cover. Receipt of entries will be acknowledged and the closing date for receipt is 30th November, 1959.

nuclear disarmament week

REGIONAL RALLIES

Saturday, Sept. 19th

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COLCHESTER - HULL - BRISTOL
NORWICH - CRAWLEY

Sunday, Sept. 20th

TRAFALGAR SQ., 4 p.m.
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Canon L. John Collins - John Horner
Dr. Donald Soper - Victor Gollancz

Monday, Sept. 21st 11 p.m.

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long felt at man's inhumanity to man. The "ignorance" in question is not so much the East German workers' ignorance of the perfidy of their regime . . . as man's general ignorance of the truth—the Marxist truth—about war, exploitation and poverty'.

Brecht who was a rationalist, convinced that man's inhumanity to man could be cured by acquainting him with the Marxist truth, never felt any personal sense of guilt about having failed humanity in this respect. Yet in the poem the fingers point at *him* as at a leper. And the fingers concerned are not only clearly the fingers of workers, they are also *zerbrochen* (broken), a word which can only mean that the workers concerned had suffered physical violence. They are the victims of torture or persecution. Why should these persecuted workers accuse Brecht of all people for the general human sufferings of war, exploitation or poverty? And why should he retort to his accusers: *Unwissende!* (which Mr Mander quaintly renders as 'ignorant ones!') while at the same time feeling the consciousness of his own guilt? It is preposterous to suggest that this retort refers to the workers' ignorance of Marxism. From the context it is quite clear that Brecht is referring to the workers' ignorance of his *own position*, for only thus could his retort which is clearly meant as a *defence against the accusing fingers* be coupled with such feelings of personal guilt.

To anyone who is aware of Brecht's position in the last years of his life it is obvious that this feeling of guilt refers to his privileged position in a country where the workers lived in conditions of great hardship while a few individuals like himself enjoyed a high standard of living. It may also refer to his feeling of guilt at not having expressed his misgivings, about which he spoke quite freely to his friends, in public.

The poem concerned is clear enough to anybody who takes a little trouble in reading it. It is, of course, only one of a much larger number of similar poems, some of which are even more openly critical of the Ulbricht regime (see for example *Die Loesung*, reprinted in the June number of *Encounter*) and it fits into all that is known about Brecht's constant struggle against the censorship, chauvinism and narrow-mindedness of the East German party. The evidence of this from Brecht's own published writings is overwhelming. Brecht was a supporter of Wolfgang Harich, now in prison in East Germany; his and Harich's position closely resembled that of Lukacs, Hay and other Hungarian intellectuals who became the leaders of the Hungarian Revolution a few weeks after Brecht died. Of course, they, like Brecht, remained convinced Marxists to the end. But only Mr Mander would describe their, and Brecht's, attitude as 'eccentric if not actually unorthodox'.

MARTIN ESSLIN

[John Mander writes: 'If Mr Esslin had read my article with the care he finds lacking in my interpretation of Brecht's poem, he would have seen that most of his points are in fact answered there. However—(1) I see *Evil Morning* is indeed dated 1953 by the 'posthumous' editors. A point to Mr Esslin. (2) I don't say that Brecht took part in the rising of June 1953. I merely referred in my article to the famous letter, later published in mutilated form, that Brecht wrote to Ulbricht after it, criticising the mistakes of the regime yet confirming his general loyalty to the Socialist Unity Party. That was his 'part' in the affair. (3) Mr Esslin is right in saying that Brecht was a rationalist, but how does he know that Brecht 'never felt any personal sense of guilt . . .'? Does he think rationalists incapable of such feelings? (4) 'Ignorant ones' for '*Unwissende*' is at least literal; Mr Esslin's version presupposes his own interpretation of the poem. Brecht may well have had a sense of guilt about not speaking out. In fact I make just this point myself in the aside ('though it may be that, too') which Mr Esslin has dropped from his quotation. This continues '. . . such a view is at least consistent with the rest of Brecht's work. Those who want to make a Pasternak of Brecht are really deceiving themselves'. Is it just possible that Mr Esslin may be one of these people? (5) Mr Esslin is quite right in saying that Brecht was critical of the East German regime (though the fact remains that he preferred to live in eastern rather than in western Germany). But in what sense was Brecht the supporter of Harich? He certainly knew him, but it is surely meaningless to speak of Brecht as a 'supporter', since at the time (October 1956) when Harich was actively canvassing support Brecht had been dead three months. (6) Mr Esslin's final quotation is out of context. I referred, earlier in the article, to Gottfried Benn as 'a highly atypical "westerner"', comparing him to Brecht 'an eccentric, if not actually unorthodox, "easterner"'. This leaves the question of Brecht's unorthodoxy open. There is no mention in this context of Lukacs's and Harich's attitude.' —ED., *N.S.*]

GOEHR'S STRING QUARTET

SIR,—In your recent notice of Alexander Goehr's String Quartet you omitted to mention that the performance was given by the Morley String Quartet. I think that this fact should be publicly acknowledged, not only because the Morley Quartet played magnificently, but also because the work is of such extreme difficulty that it needed many months of patient and laborious preparation.

JOHN CAREWE

37 Elvaston Place
SW7

SHAW FILMS

SIR,—William Whitebait is wrong in believing that *Arms and the Man* has 'somehow escaped screening'. It was the second of Shaw's plays to be filmed—in 1932, for British International Pictures, at Elstree Studios. The first Shavian play ever to be filmed was, of course, *How He Lied to Her Husband* (1930).

ALLAN M. LAING

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Proust at Full Length

What is the essence of a life, and how do we disengage that essence from the eternal clutter of days and years – and yet restore the sense of that very tick? Which are the true witnesses of this or that life, and which the false? And how shall such a life be written? What style will best render the life of a literary man who had some style of his own?

The spray of questions is Leon Edel's, in his *Literary Biography*. The responsibility of a biographer has always seemed to me so heavy that I wonder so many writers are tough enough to bear the moral weight. It is easy enough to misinterpret the actions of someone we know, actions accompanied, perhaps, by words of explanation, by a look, by a tone of voice. It is incomparably more easy to do injustice to a dead man. And suppose that man is a writer and has a very marked 'style of his own'? The biographer must live with the subject to such an extent that even if the style itself does not infect him the way of thought must do so. George D. Painter's *Proust**, which I believe to be the finest literary biography of our time, is pervaded by the essence of the subject without at any point becoming subjected to it. Proust has had the peculiar effect upon some of his biographers, even upon the best of them, of calling out a kind of softness, a nannie-like patience which, one suspects, might not have been extended by the living in life – at least, not towards some of Proust's more contrived, contorted, irritating manifestations. *Aimez-vous Proust?* has been the Proustian challenge: the right answer a breathy affirmative. Mr Painter does love Proust, and his book, like all the best Proust biographies, is full of a kind of delighted gratitude for all the work has meant. But it is cool in judgment, also. He has found out much more about his subject than anyone before him, and has interpreted more shrewdly material already to hand. His book is a joy of surprises. It opens the reader's eyes, not only to what was hidden, but to what had lain disregarded beneath them.

Why, I had always wondered myself, did Proust find himself so easily accepted into the great houses of the Faubourg? Grandson of a provincial grocer, who made wax candles for saints' days: half Jew: son of a distinguished doctor and a lady of literary interests whose father was a stockbroker – why did the Duchess make such an exception? The answer is simple: her house was never so exclusive as Marcel said it was. Charles demeaned himself for Morel's sake when he condescended to visit the Verdurins; but Montesquiou had to wheedle his way into the house of Madame Lemaire: and Proust, once he felt his social position secure, was quick to abandon the services of his terrifying friend.

Another puzzle, or it has always puzzled me. It was, no doubt, extremely nasty of Mlle Vinteuil to desecrate the portrait of her father; but it also seems, in the context of Marcel's frenzy, just a bit silly. This is Mr Painter's discovery. The original of the character, Juliette Joinville d'Artois, lived in a lonely house with a deaf-and-dumb man-servant, about a mile from Illiers. She was therefore a subject for the local scandal, but nothing was actually known about her:

> . . . for the other qualities of Mlle Vinteuil, her homosexuality so closely united to her sadism, Proust had only to look in himself. We shall find him, many years later, inviting the partners of his pleasure to desecrate the images of his dead parents as part of the ritual of his enjoyment. . . .

(We shall not find him doing so for some time to come, as Volume I of Mr Painter's biography ends in 1903, with the death of Dr Proust.)

Again, though it is a smaller point: Who was Madame Blanche Leroi, the untitled but ineffably grand lady, one of the greatest in the Faubourg? The answer is a trifle disappointing, since we are left where we started. She was in life Mme Gaston Legrand, whose husband was a wealthy owner of coal-mines, not, apparently, of noble birth. Which brings us back to the conclusion that the exclusiveness of French society wasn't all that Marcel cracked it up to be.

There is, indeed, so much new material in this book that it is impossible to do more than to pick on a surprise here and there. It is interesting to note that Proust dined with Oscar Wilde one evening at Madame Armand de Caillavet's, and possible that he had a part in selecting the grey cravat worn by Proust in the Jacques-Emile Blanche portrait of 1892; but surprise, though an important part of the book, is not the most important part.

Mr Painter writes in his preface:

> I have not tried to deny Proust's homosexuality – on the contrary, I shall give the first account of it based on evidence. But readers who have felt all along that Proust's picture of heterosexual love is valid and founded on personal experience will be glad to find their instinct justified. Here, then, is one among very many unrealised biographical facts about Proust the critical bearing of which is fundamental and indispensable.

There seems to be no question now about the genuineness of Proust's feelings for Marie de Benardaky, for Jeanne Pouquet (it was real enough to enrage Gaston de Caillavet, her future husband), for Laure Hayman (he had probably slept with her and with other women), and later for Marie Finaly, the first original of Albertine. Yet his constant tendency was to pour out his love upon women with whom he could never have a permanent alliance: Marie de Benardaky was too young, Jeanne Pouquet was in love with someone else, Laure Hayman was his senior by twenty years. It seems that he was deliberately courting disappointment so that he could say to himself, This is not, and can never be, my kind of love. I must say I doubt whether anyone, save the most obstinate or the most committed, after reading Mr Painter's book, is going to transpose all the girls into boys again.

For a long time I have had one toe in the Proustian 'closed system' camp; *i.e.*, I have felt that pretty well all there is to know about Proust is in the work itself, and few writers would yield less to intimate biographical research than he. It was only one toe; but Mr Painter has now convinced me that it should never have been there at all. This first volume of his work analyses the autobiographical material: it examines the sources of the characters (Proust wasn't drawing a long bow when he attributed many sources to each) and the sources of incidents which, like Montjouvain eavesdropping, have always had their puzzling side. He promises in Volume II to discuss his methods of synthesis; and it is depressing to think how long the time must be before that volume is in our hands. But this present book sufficiently convinces me that there is far more to be known of Proust, and consequently of the meaning of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, than anyone – even the best of his French biographers – has yet envisaged.

It is not so much that Mr Painter has discovered such a wealth of new facts; the point is that he is using them superbly, without fancy, without bias, without brandishing them merely for the sake of causing sensation. He deals with Proust throughout, as he deals with the question of his inversion, in a fashion which succeeds in being both detached and affectionate. Love for a work inevitably arouses a degree of love for the writer, for the nature of the work is the writer's own. But there is no proof in literary history (indeed, the evidence is all the other way) that the great and enchanting writer is necessarily a sensible man, or even a wholly likeable one. The work of any serious writer is the whole of what he is; it is made up of his strength and his weakness, his shrewdness and his silliness, his virtues and his vices. If it were not made of all these things it would be less than it is. Mr Painter is not one (as it were) to drop all he is doing and tear round to Rue de Courcelles or Rue Hamelin at midnight, on a last-minute summons; but the alleluia of a beautiful day is dominant in all his thinking, not only about the great novel, but also about the great, infuriating man who made it.

For the sweetness of the book was always in Proust.

> Lucien [Daudet] became aware of his brilliant friend's extraordinary simplicity of heart. Sometimes his kindness was absurd but touching: he invited the Daudets' aged maid-servant to an evening at the theatre; and when Lucien prevented him from carrying a heavy parcel for Alphonse Daudet's Italian valet Pietro (Proust always shook hands with the old man, and talked about Dante), he was hurt and angry – 'You're violent and heartless', he cried.

Mr Painter describes his biography as 'definitive'. This description, made only thirty-seven years after the death of his subject, has the ring of pure audacity – art being long enough, but biography often longer: yet the audacity is wholly and triumphantly justified. It is very difficult to imagine another full-length biography of Marcel Proust being written in our lifetime, though as new facts come to light, as they must (for instance, even Mr Painter seems to know little of Willy Heath), other books will appear as addenda to this one.

Marcel Proust is a beautifully-mannered book, the result of intensive scholarship, imaginative sympathy, love and cool-thinking. My only criticism is purely marginal. All references to *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* attach to the

* *Marcel Proust: Volume I.* By GEORGE D. PAINTER. *Chatto & Windus.* 30s.

Russian Turkestan, where statues of Lenin flank the tomb of Tamerlane, is a special interest of Sir FITZROY MACLEAN, M.P. He has written of the gallant travellers of the past and of his own wartime experiences. His recent return journey **BACK TO BOKHARA** has prompted a valuable contemporary record of Soviet life in an exotic culture. Illustrated, 18s.

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The Future of the United Kingdom may depend very largely on **THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.** This most significant document by an influential figure in the Labour movement, C. A. R. CROSLAND, has already occasioned strong feeling on the Left and grudging appreciation on the Right. Now re-issued as a special Election edition. 18s.

Through Goa, Liberia, Laos and the oddest corners of four continents, saunters NORMAN LEWIS, 'an excellent writer and a first-rate traveller' (Connolly, *Sunday Times*) **THE CHANGING SKY** is 'a delightful, instructive, serious and funny book,' (Carson, *Observer*). Illustrated, 21s.

JONATHAN CAPE

Pléiade edition. I believe there should have been attachments also to the Scott-Moncrieff translation. For Mr Painter must not fall into the common error of believing that all the English read French. If they did they would read Balzac. And they would not have had the privilege of being able to honour, by the conferring of a second nationality, a writer who by this time sometimes seems as English to them as Shakespeare seems a German to the Germans.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Hard Crossing

1

This storm won't stop
When the sun's nailed on the sea's edge
And light fails and the night falls.

Bells now are sounding the end
Of hours but the wind is blowing still
And will in the morning: waves like mountains
Still will sway under and lift us.

Signs marking the age of danger
Have marked 'old' the force that blurs them:
The rising, falling sun is obscured:
The bell breaks and the clock we no longer
Glance at means what a wheel means,
Till intervention and destination
No longer concern us; the world shrinks.
The sailor is left alone with the sea.

2

Awaiting the storm's abatement, danger
Is normal at length, we are dressed for death.
It is said: 'when boats sink, sailors
Go home to the ocean.' But sailors don't know,
Whose hard learned skill was all to circumvent
The cold desire of deep fathoms
Of heavy ocean. 'Home starts
In the ship's furnace', sailors say
'The heart of a vessel whose arteries warm
Cabins and fo'c'sle and hands at work
And at cards and strumming guitar strings.
Home sings in the wireless hum
From dry dock and green meadows
Where it all started and coal comes from.'

Thrust from the side the cargo if we must,
Harder to duty the men hold
And don't argue. Only luck
And skill are useful and will or won't
Preserve the vessel warm and afloat
In Time again with a sense of direction.

3

Seamen have heard of mad captains,
Of lifeboats lowered by a frightened crew
Too soon who died of thirst or were drowned;
Of sailors escaping who found harbour
Forever without their only trade,
Flawed men haunted by sound
Of the sea road or a salt taste
Blown inland; of some mistaken
Who take, unbroken, to shore life
And live contented; of some untested.

Other men serve or become
A good captain, the first man
On board, bound by, sometimes, duty
And, sometimes, joy to his ship and status.
These know all they know
Is sailing and speak only to quote
The old saying, 'Every man
Goes down with his own boat'.

JAMES SIMMONS

Penguin Bait

The Labour Case. By ROY JENKINS. **The Conservative Case.** By VISCOUNT HAILSHAM. **The Liberal Case.** By ROGER FULFORD. *Penguin Books. 2s. 6d. each*

These three literate statements of policy and faith would, one suspects, be more to the taste of the thoughtful, uncommitted voter if they were rolled into one and written by someone else, someone also thoughtful and uncommitted, with a cold eye. In their present form they have certainly an old-world charm. Elsewhere—on the silver screen, on rolling waves of sound, in unswept halls, gaudily in the tablets, with all that uncertain syntax and coughing and scuffling going on—the seeker after truth may find himself dissatisfied, ever more coming out by that same door as in he went. Here, for seven and sixpence on the nail—at least this is the theory of it—he may instead read with a cool mind writers of reputation, party men but articulate, not a Burke or a Rousseau or a Paine among them perhaps, but not exactly *politicians* either. The charm, I think, no longer works because all political statements are too much suspected by the kind of people at whom these books are aimed. To imagine anyone buying these three volumes, no matter how high their tone, and casting a vote after serious comparison, strains the mind a little. How much more useful would have been a detached examination of the three parties' avowals and achievements.

Not that these statements lack interest. The cultural content, for example, is high for the time of year. Shakespeare, Swift, Pope, Dr Johnson, Burke, Meredith, Carlyle, Disraeli, Wilde—Colin Wilson has nothing on Lord Hailsham and Mr Fulford when it comes to a quotation. Lord Hailsham is especially fond of that attack by Disraeli on '. . . altars of Mammon ablaze with triple worship. . .' Mr Jenkins prefers statistics to these demonstrations that politics may still be a civilised pursuit, engaging the whole man. Of the Labour case, but not, oddly, the Liberal, the blurb remarks: 'He avoids political cliché and he does not affect to despise either the motives or the intelligence of his opponents'. The prose may, though, be a shade too actuarial, a little too donnish in an economist's kind of way. But his criticisms of the Government and his setting-out of Labour policy have the kind of sobriety which carries weight. Mr Fulford is friskier, his style more sprightly. He, too, devotes a great deal of space to setting out party policy in detail. Both he and Mr Jenkins present an image of respectability, earnest, fluent, playing to no rowdy galleries, except that Mr Fulford wears, so to speak, a brocaded waistcoat.

Neither has the Hailsham sweep, neither explores exuberantly the party *mystique*, takes the grand view. God figures larger in the Conservative case than indices of production. General statements abound: '. . . nothing is more clearly taught by all human history and experience than the fact in human nature which our forefathers simply described as original sin'. 'Conservative philosophy does lay a most particular stress upon the duty of loyalty and the sentiment of patriotism.' But if in his statement of party philosophy Lord Hailsham is offering something not likely to be found within a million miles of the hustings, he is also offering, in the most recently written section of the book, something only too easily found. Of the Liberals he remarks at one point (although he is nicer later) '. . . a little heterogeneous mutual-admiration society'. Socialism is an 'evil, fatuous spectre . . . concatenation of perverse thinking which leads

men and women to denigrate British statesmanship, British enterprise, British imperial achievement, even British troops under fire when they are attacked by somebody else'. The statement of policy is rather more mystical than in the Labour and Liberal volumes and if it can be supposed, which it can't, that style has any value distinct from what's being said, the Conservative is the best written of the three. It's also, I suspect, the one most likely to send the floating voter, granting for a moment he is paying any attention, swimming over-arm to the rafts where Mr Jenkins and Mr Fulford are holding more orderly meetings. The moral of this is very complicated.

W. JOHN MORGAN

The Fake Fortress

The Singapore Story. By KENNETH ATTIWILL. *Muller.* 18s.

'The worst disaster and the largest capitulation in British history' was Churchill's summing-up of the fall of Singapore. It was not only that we lost our strongest base east of the Mediterranean, but we surrendered it with humiliating rapidity. We could not conceal from the world, which had before it the example of the American defence of Corregidor, that our men were badly led and had lost their spirit. It seemed that we no longer cared.

Why did it happen? Why, in that place of all places, at that time of all times, did we weaken? Subsequent investigation did not reveal that the troops were asked to do an impossible job, nor that they had appallingly bad luck. On the contrary, we were slightly superior in numbers to the Japanese, and had the advantage that we were defending an island base while the enemy had to transport their supplies through 400 miles of jungle and cross an arm of the sea at the end of it. We had underestimated them. We still thought the Japs comic and inefficient, in spite of Pearl Harbour and the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. They certainly made their own mistakes: it was incredible that they should have allowed the British to pour back over the causeway without making any attack on them by land, sea or air during that critical night. But we did not know how good their Zeros were, how well they had mastered the technique of amphibious assault, how skilled they were in jungle warfare, and how utterly ruthless in pressing an advantage. In face of all these shocks, British resilience at the last ditch suddenly failed us. We folded up.

Mr Attiwill was there himself, and witnessed the disintegration of British morale. He tells almost nothing about his own activities, except that he was one of the 70,000 prisoners. He still burns with anger at what he regards as the incompetence of the local generals and the Service chiefs in London, and the subsequent glossing-over of the mistakes they made. This latter accusation is not wholly fair: neither the official History nor Churchill's own account applied a lick of whitewash, and Mr Attiwill has not much except his own indignation to add to the list of existing charges. It was already well known that no thought had been given to defending Singapore against an attack across the Johore strait; that very few of the great guns were sited so that they could fire inland; that General Percival disposed his forces badly; and that during the seven-day battle for the island, there was an incredible confusion of orders, which led, for example, to the surrender of the causeway during the first twenty-four hours. The resulting loss of confidence in the higher command, added to the exhaustion of the troops which had retreated from Malaya and the rawness

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To readers of the "New Statesman"

DESPITE DISRAELI'S classic definition of the three degrees of untruthfulness—"lies, damned lies and statistics"—figures can be highly instructive. The Folio Society, for example, has just pulled off one of the major successes of postwar publishing in increasing its membership by over 60% during the last twelve months. To cap this impressive achievement, it is now making a quite remarkable offer—a magnificent volume of van Gogh reproductions completely *free of charge!* Entitled 'Portrait of Provence', this is a book measuring 11¾" x 8⅝" containing 30 plates in full colour with descriptive text. Here are many of van Gogh's most famous works, works into which he poured all his intensity of feeling, all his rebelliousness and all his passionate sense of colour.

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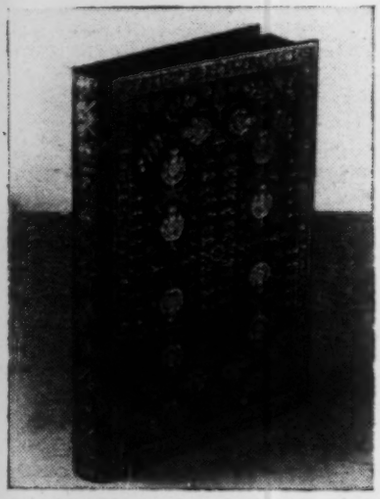

In its list are none of last year's best-sellers. Instead, the Society concentrates on the great books of the world and on some of the more fascinating byways of history and literature. Herodotus, Defoe and Jane Austen rub shoulders with Dostoevsky and de Maupassant; *The Golden Ass* and *Father Brown* are there, as are an eye-witness account of *The Trial of Charles I*, a Burmese *Life of the Buddha*, and that classic compendium of crime, *The New Newgate Calendar*.

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of the reinforcements, meant that the battle was lost almost before it was a day old.

Fear soon turned to panic. Some of the scenes described so vividly by Mr Attiwill resemble the last hours on board the sinking *Titanic*. The civilian population, both European and Asiatic, the former softened by self-indulgent living and the latter rendered indifferent to the fate of their masters, were suddenly involved in the most terrifying of all forms of total war. A million of them were crammed together under bombs and shell-fire within a three-mile perimeter, and whenever the Japs broke through, not even patients lying on an operating table were safe from their bayonets. In these circumstances, it was natural that Percival should have sought to persuade Wavell that further resistance was a crime. The charge is not that we were wrong to surrender when we did, but that by lack of forethought we had wasted our natural advantages and so made surrender inevitable. Resentful troops do not fight. 'Nobody', writes Mr Attiwill in one of his angriest passages, 'wanted to die for Singapore'. And their resentment arose from their discovery that Singapore was not the fortress which we had always claimed it to be. It was a fake fortress, a rotten potato of an island, and it collapsed at the first blow, almost the first shout, of a hideously skilful foe.

NIGEL NICOLSON

The Frozen South

Endurance. By ALFRED LANSING. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

Antarctica: The Story of a Continent. By FRANK DEBENHAM. *Herbert Jenkins.* 25*s.*

The first of these two books about Antarctic exploration is written by an author who has never been Youth: the second by a veteran of nearly fifty years' standing. Both are good of their kind, but the former—the story of Ernest Shackleton's attempt at a trans-Antarctic journey in 1914-17—is, as the American reviewers claim, quite outstanding in its class.

I am one who believes that the story of the *Endurance* and her crew cannot be written too often. It has been done excellently by Mr Lansing. His book is the result of great industry by an author who has the gift of good writing and who had clearly an enthusiasm for the task in hand. I have lived with Antarctic exploration for half a century, but I read this book through at a sitting and my interest did not flag. In places it was difficult to believe that the author had not been a participant in the adventure himself and I found his descriptions of many incidents very poignant indeed. Now and again he has overplayed his hand: but this is due, I fancy, to the method used—reliance, inescapable of course, on diaries written in a time of great stress and upon the failing memories of elderly men recalling a climax of their lives half a century after the event. I cannot believe in swells thirty feet high miles inside the edge of the Antarctic pack: but I can well believe they appeared at the time to bewildered and bedevilled men to be that height. No sea leopard was ever quite as active as stated on p. 114: the blue whale that is 100 feet long is a very unusual animal indeed.

I knew some of the actors in the drama very well not very long before the adventure took place and I do not recognise their characters as shown here. The Tom Crean I knew in Scott's last expedition was the man who nursed a sick companion with tenderness and care across hundreds of miles of shelf-ice at the end of a long manhauling journey, not a heavy-handed sailorman who shot dogs without a qualm. I do not find it easy to believe that 'Putty' Marston, tough and independent, indeed, but witty and warm in his relations with his comrades of the *Nimrod* Expedition, has been so affected by marriage in a few years that he had become a liability rather than the asset he was then. One most interesting feature of the book, indeed, is the incursion into individual psychology which is, I think, probably vitiated to some extent by the written sources used, diaries kept when the writers themselves were in an abnormal state of mind. Chronic seasickness—I used to be able to describe myself as one of the worst sailors God ever made—might well be enough to account for a good deal of Orde Lee's behaviour in the boats: I like better to think of him massaging Greenstreet's feet (p. 177). But I can imagine that his behaviour at sea would have an acrid response in diaries kept by comrades themselves under strain approaching the limit human beings can bear.

Shackleton's failure to have seals killed while they were available was exactly paralleled by a similar decision by Victor Campbell which nearly cost six men their lives, in Scott's Northern Party's living off the land in winter 1912; but the latter was due to an oversensitiveness about taking the lives even of seals. His determination to 'lie to' at night, in spite of Worsley's urging, ranks in my mind with an equally courageous decision to turn back short of the Pole a few years earlier which saved four lives. These are all matters of opinion and the book is full of good things. I shall not soon forget the vignette of Macklin's shooting his puppy; the reaction to the loss of the unpopular Clark's milk; the description of the last night in the boats; the food talk on Elephant Island (my own choice in similar circumstances was treacle tart with breadcrumbs). I shall return to this book with relish again and again.

The first half of Professor Debenham's book is concerned with the history of Antarctica. It is a large task that he has undertaken, both in terms of time and of space. In the present context this is best emphasised by the fact that he deals with the *Endurance* episode in little more than a page. He is more concerned with solid geographical achievement than with the more intangible elements of Antarctic exploration. Naturally brevity is of the essence of the performance: good balance is another feature of the book; by and large, credit is given where credit is due. Meticulous accuracy as regards factual content is another essential feature of such a study: wide-ranging knowledge a third. All these Debenham has, even if he does, in his prelude, omit Antarctica's two solitary flowering plants and, later, makes no reference to the newly-discovered diary that is the latest buttress of American claims to priority and precedence in West Antarctica.

No historian could have got in everything within 120 pages, a limit with which, I suspect, his publisher had something to do. For the rest, chapters on Antarctic weather, on ocean life around the Continent, on man's adaptation to Antarctic life, on the value to man of Antarctica and on Antarctic politics, make a useful basis for study by any uninstructed person interested in the Far South. It needs only to be remembered that the author's personal experience has been south of 75° S latitude, took place nearly fifty years ago, and was of sufficient duration and intensity to cause him to take his illustrations chiefly from one area of the continent in a particular phase of its exploration.

My friend Bill Sladen, modern expert on penguins, would take a poor view of his anthropological account of these birds, just as he cavilled at my own: Victoria Land weather is rather different from that which prevails over large areas of the continent that were less accessible to us in those far-off days just because of the absence of those bustling katabatic winds that were the plague of our lives, but scattered the ice and let us in. A final chapter on 'Men and Motive in the Antarctic' will be of special interest to the author's colleagues and their successors. This is an aspect of Antarctic life that rates more attention than it has received in the literature in the past.

RAYMOND PRIESTLEY

New Novels

A Heritage and Its History. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Dharma Bums. By JACK KEROUAC. *Deutsch* 15*s.*

Lady L. By ROMAIN GARY. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Tambourines to Glory. By LANGSTON HUGHES. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Well, Miss Compton-Burnett is still at it with the inverted commas. Here is the usual set of sisters and brothers, all apparently standing about in the middle of the floor, talking. 'What words would you expect from me?' . . . 'I will say the word I owe you' . . . 'Uncle, those words were better not said' . . . 'Pray let someone else utter his thoughts.' And the words, spoken and unspoken, fall into a compulsive rhythm so that, once more, we are lulled before the storm.

Simon Challoner is obsessed by his heritage-apparent, the estate that will be his when, as he constantly reminds them, his father and uncle die. The father does die, with a typical running commentary from the family to see him off, and now only uncle is in the way. Then the uncle remarries; Simon, before the bride has even signed the register, is already benevolently speculating on what she will look like in widow's weeds. His speculation also takes another direction, for it is revealed that his uncle's wife is to have a baby, and Simon is the father. The child is passed off to the world as the legal product of the marriage; thus Simon's own son, officially his nephew, is now next in line for the inheritance. It is only natural, in a Compton-Burnett novel at least, that Simon should then himself marry, and that his daughter should fall in love with his own son. All this without a raised voice; the familiar potion of callousness smoothed into irony and mental cannibalism disguised as cynicism, and high melodrama pressed and dried like ferns in an old family Bible.

Miss Compton-Burnett's determination not to stray out of her allotted portion of the century produces, to be sure, some odd tricks of light. Here we see men grow old and die and children come of age, but the world around them stands still. At the third generation, sons are still calling their fathers 'Sir', standing up when their mothers, or maters, come into the room, and talking like I. Compton-Burnett. One of Miss Compton-Burnett's most valuable properties is a magic, Peter Pan year (about 1912, I suppose) in which whole spans of life are compressed, and it is never New Year's Eve. Locked in her time-machine thus, Miss Compton-Burnett seems on one plane to be overwhelmingly restricted, and her novels take on the appearance of so many lengths of intellectual knitting. On another plane, however – and

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this is once again apparent in *A Heritage and Its History* – she seems to have more freedom than any other writer I know, for, unburdened by the clutter of the passing show, she is at liberty to concentrate on human activity at a basic and frightening level.

Miss Compton-Burnett confines herself to a small, and in any case dead, society, and when I look at *The Dharma Bums* I can hardly blame her. Dharma, in the Zen jargon that is becoming almost as tiresome as the argot of Madison Avenue (with which, it seems to me, it has a great deal in common), means truth. Bums means Mr Kerouac and his friends. The point of the book is the search for truth through a series of mountain climbs, parties, orgies, poetry reading, etc., etc. Mr Kerouac is very conscious of having given birth to a generation, and this self-consciousness sticks out a mile in everything he writes. When novelists get generation-minded their heroes are all novelists, too, seeing significance all around them and pursuing everything with a heavy sense of mission. Mr Kerouac is so determined to indoctrinate his readers ('Yabyum? What's that?' – 'Don't you know about yabyum, Smith? I'll tell you later.') that at times his book reads like the Manual of Freemasonry. For those already in the know, there is a lot of elbow-nudging as in the introduction, for example, of Alvah Goldbook and his poem 'Wail'. Yabyum, it turns out, means stripping off. There is some vigour and humour in this novel, but I have yet to be convinced that Mr Kerouac in San Francisco is saying anything that Henry Miller in Paris wasn't saying years ago, yabyum and all.

M. Gary's *Lady L.*, in spite of the eighty years it covers and the great number of events crammed into its 190 pages, is really, constructionally at any rate, a short story. Lady L., splendid old dowager and grandmother of various pillars of society, learns that her memento-stuffed garden pavilion is due for demolition. The news throws her into a panic, and she begins to think back over her past life. We see her, in a series of flashbacks, as a young prostitute in Paris, taken up by anarchists, groomed, and lobbed like a beautiful bomb into high society. The point we keep coming back to, of course, is What is in that pavilion? There are several interludes in which the recipient of these confidences is rather tiresomely incredulous about Lady L.'s revelations ('Damn it, Diana, do you mean to say that you and that awful girl are the same . . .'); we are told that the proof of all she is telling him lies in the pavilion. M. Gary traces Lady L.'s remarkable life with a fine economical style, but he has so much to be economical with that at times his novel reads like a synopsis for the film that will undoubtedly be made of it. In Lady L.'s final bout of reminiscence she is married to an aristocrat and in love with an anarchist. Who shall have her lover – herself, or The Cause? And so, at last, we come to the pavilion. I will not reveal what is in it, except to say that it isn't Guy de Maupassant.

Tambourines to Glory is an undemanding little story about two women from the tenements of Harlem who decide to get in on the hot-gospel racket. They buy a gold-edged Bible for two dollars down, two dollars a month, hire a lady drummer, and they are in business as The Reed Sisters' Tambourine Temple. Mr Hughes is a mite too ready to quote Negro hymns at every opportunity, but his novel is very amusing in its folksy way.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

New fiction reprints include J. P. Marquand's *H.M. Pulham, Esquire* (Collins, 16s.) and *Mr Skeffington*, by 'Elizabeth' (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.).

Paths of Glory

The Capture of Quebec. By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Trafalgar. By OLIVER WARNER. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Batsford's British Battle Series has been launched in fine style with these two volumes, competently written, handsomely printed and superbly illustrated. The proclaimed object of the series is not so much to glorify British feats of arms (though that side of the picture is naturally not altogether neglected) as to reveal by eye-witness accounts and contemporary documents how the most important battles in British history were actually fought, won, and lost. And the lavish illustrations, 30 to 40 plates in each book, recall as far as possible the tools of war, the scenes of action, and the faces of the generals and admirals who led their men to victory or defeat.

Wolfe's features are certainly not such as one might expect to find on a successful general: red hair, a receding forehead, a small underslung mouth, an unimpressive chin and a long nose sticking out like a pen. One could more easily take him for a poet – as indeed he was, surreptitiously. (Some verses he had written were found in his pocket after he was killed and are reproduced now for the first time.) At the age of 32 this unpredictable-looking young colonel was chosen by Pitt to lead the amphibious attack on Quebec. 'Mad is he?' said old King George II. 'I wish he'd bite some of my other generals'. Small wonder that Wolfe's brigadiers fought rather shy of him! But Sir Charles Saunders, the Admiral of the combined operation, never questioned his strange colleague's professional ability, even when the first attempt on Quebec fizzled out in complete fiasco. Someone had forgotten that the St Lawrence was a tidal river; and most of the troops in the landing craft went aground on the mud flats and never reached shore. The second, and famously successful, landing by night at Wolfe's Cove proved a desperate business from start to finish. When Wolfe came ashore and saw the 250-foot climb ahead up the cliff he was heard to say, 'I don't think we can by any possible means get up here'. Indeed, if the French sentries had been alert the feat would have been impossible. Once the picket at the top had been surprised, however, nearly 5,000 British infantry scrambled up in the dawn. When Montcalm drew up his army to face them a few hours later, would his superior numbers make up for inferior discipline? The question was answered in less than fifteen minutes. The British line advanced and at 30 yards' range fired one tremendous volley: in a trice the battle was over, the war was won and the fate of a continent decided. And Wolfe, wounded three times as he gave his orders, was dead, with his poem in his pocket.

Trafalgar was a more prolonged affair than Quebec. The action lasted four or five hours, during which 27 British battleships got the better of 33 Frenchmen and Spaniards in a terrific slogging match at close quarters, and Nelson was killed. Again it was fire-control and discipline that decided the issue, a naval broadside being the equivalent of a military volley in its devastating effect on enemy morale. In 'the pell-mell battle' on which Nelson had determined, each ship would be fighting a duel with an enemy ship; and he counted, rightly, on British gunnery, training and determination to prevail. Villeneuve's fleet had never fought together or ever exercised together before; there was some element of mistrust between Spaniards and French; their ships

were encumbered with soldiers whom they hoped to take to Italy; and they were all mortally afraid of Nelson's invincible prestige. Nelson's own part in the action was over as soon as he had seen his two columns safely cutting the enemy's line as he intended. Thereafter he could give no further orders, and could only pace the *Victory's* deck until he was struck down by the fatal bullet. Mr Warner, in his account of the battle, resists the temptation to keep Nelson in the limelight and gives as much detail as possible of the fighting from the personal reminiscences of survivors of all three nationalities. Collingwood, Nelson's second in command, comes out of the mêlée with great credit – his ship suffered even more casualties than *Victory* – but his gallant behaviour never met subsequently with proper recognition. Jean Lucas, the Breton captain of the *Redoutable*, the ship from which Nelson was shot, stands out as the most heroic figure on the opposite side. If there had been more captains like him in the Combined Squadron Trafalgar might not have ended in a glorious British victory and an earldom and a pension for the Rev. William Nelson.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Heritage of Palladio

Italian Villas and Palaces. By GEORGINA MASSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 84*s*

The camera, even in the hands of an expert, can never achieve more than a rough approximation to the truth of appearances; as generally used it is responsible for more visual falsehoods than the whole body of Royal Academicians put together. It is ideally suited as a medium for illustration to works the purpose of which is frankly evocative, royal memoirs for instance ('High Jinks at Kiel, 1911. Bertie, the Grand Duchess and Countess Zichy') or erotic ('A lovely souvenir album of twenty glorious nudes from the Bal Tabarin'), where in one case its ability to capture those small details, to us so significant but to contemporaries so unmemorable, and in the other its mastery of the suggestive, render it definitely superior to the live artist. But as an accurate recorder of works of art it is almost totally useless. (If anyone doubts this let them compare a wood-engraved illustration of Mycenean pottery from the first edition of Schliemann's memorable work with even the best of the modern postcards available at the British Museum.) Nowhere, however, is its capacity actively to mislead so formidable as in the fields of architecture and topography. The most brilliant exponent of camera technique can never tell us as much about the churches of Normandy as can Cotman, and there is more of Greece in a single sketch by Lear than in a dozen of those glossy volumes where on every page leprous marble glows with unnatural luminosity against the black skies of outer space.

It is, therefore, with pleased surprise that one is able to report that the present volume is not to be dismissed as just yet another of those costly picture postcard albums that lie about on all the best occasional tables, but makes a real contribution to our appreciation and understanding of a great artistic achievement. That this is so must be attributed to the fact that for once author and photographer are one, and that Miss Masson is not only an acknowledged expert in her subject but possesses a very exact appreciation of what by way of illustration the camera can, and cannot, do. Thus, where a straight unembellished architectural statement is required, as in the magnificent plate of Caprarola, by studious avoidance of

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by

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

the fortuitous and the atmospheric she comes as near to providing it as the medium will allow and closer than anyone else has come since the days of Nadar and Fox-Talbot. On the other hand her profound understanding of the architect's intention enables her safely on occasions to employ every trick of the trade to heighten and reinforce the desired architectural effect. Not even Bibbiena could, one fancies, have provided so sympathetic a transcription of Vanvitelli's masterpiece as that supplied by the superb interior views of Caserta on pages 188 and 189.

Nevertheless it is with a vague feeling of frustration, for which one imagines the publisher rather than the author must bear the responsibility, that one closes this splendid work. Why could it not have been two volumes rather than one? After all villas and palaces are fundamentally different types of building and of both there are in Italy, as Miss Masson points out in her foreword, sufficient to fill several volumes many times the size of the one under consideration. For what, save the social status of the clients, has that large-scale conversion job carried out by Peruzzi for the Orsini family at the Theatre of Marcellus in common with La Favorita (as I in my old-fashioned way continue to call the Palazzo Cinese outside Palermo)? And surely the fundamental difference of purpose between say, the Villa Maser and the Doge's Palace, renders comparison almost valueless?

This churlish note is in itself a measure of appreciation, for it arises from a conviction that not only is a definitive volume on the Italian villa long overdue but that Miss Masson is, on the evidence here provided, clearly the right person to produce it. For we were the inheritors of this tradition and the English country house, which remains our greatest single contribution to Western architecture, was directly inspired by Italian practice and entered on its most flourishing period of development just when the inspiration which produced the majority of the buildings dealt with in the work under review was approaching final exhaustion. While the influence of Italian urban architecture in this country hardly extends beyond the Reform Club and that little bit of the Via Tornabuoni on the corner of Jermyn St, that of the Italian villa stretches both in scope and time from Greenwich to Osborne. Thus the present work has a double value (which one devoted wholly to the Italian villa would possess in even fuller measure); not only does it provide a superb record of one aspect of Renaissance architecture but constantly gives valuable hints and foretastes of, and provokes profitable comparisons with, another. For ideas first embodied in buildings on the banks of the Brenta were finally to find their most complete expression alongside the Thames. And if, on looking at these magnificent plates, we are forced to admit that while the finest achievements of Palladio may have been equalled they were not surpassed by the English Palladians, we can draw comfort from the fact that not even the most incompetent Burlingtonian would have been likely to have made so complete a hash of relating central pediment to adjacent wings in a large-scale classical facade as that achieved by the architect of the Villa Pisani at Stra.

OSBERT LANCASTER

Books on architecture published during the summer include *The Cathedrals of France*, by R. P. Howgrave-Graham (Batsford, 35s.), *An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon Architecture and Sculpture*, by E. A. Fisher (Faber, 42s.) and *Carolingian and Romanesque Architecture 800-1200*, by Kenneth John Conant (Penguin Books, 70s.).

Freudian Springboard

Life Against Death. By NORMAN O. BROWN *Routledge.* 30s.

The time was never riper for prophetic books; but all the prophets have left, as usual well before the apocalypse. Freud was the last to go (asked, a few weeks before his death, in 1939, if it would be the last war, he said, 'Anyway it's my last war'). *Life Against Death* is a running dive off the Freudian springboard into history's deep end. It is a fascinating book, discursive, inconsequent, sometimes preposterous, but full of interesting ideas, product of a learned man in a tight place, one of those rare genuine stimulators.

Its author is Professor of Classics at an American Protestant university. In 1953, dismayed by the state of the world, 'the superannuation of the political categories which informed liberal thought and action in the 1930s . . . and incapable of embracing the politics of sin, cynicism, and despair', he began an intensive study of Freud's writings and psychoanalysis to see if they offered salvation. He was soon captivated. Reared in the Protestant tradition, he found Freud's concept of the repressed unconscious, and his somewhat Lamarckian biological viewpoint which regarded all organic evolution as a response to the stern demands of the changing environment, particularly sympathetic. So much so that he defends Freud vigorously, sometimes rather indiscriminately, against all neo-Freudians and revisionists.

Sometimes he appears to accept the death-instinct hypothesis. At others he makes it a basis for criticism:

> The reunification of life and death – accepting for the moment Freud's equation of Death and Nirvana – can be envisioned only as the end of the historical process. Freud's pessimism, his preference for dualism rather than dialectics [Professor Brown is steeped in Hegel] and his failure to develop a historical eschatology are all of a piece. To see how man separated from nature, and separated out the instincts, is to see history as neurosis; and also to see history, as neurosis, pressing restlessly and unconsciously towards the abolition of history and the attainment of a state of rest which is also a reunification with nature.

In fact, when considering the human condition, it does not make very much difference whether you accept Freud's theory of a death instinct due to a compulsion innate in living matter to return to the inorganic state, or regard it as a mystical flight of his imagination. It certainly cannot be proved. But there is no doubt whatever about the existence in human minds of aggressive and destructive impulses powerful and dangerous enough to destroy all culture and, now given the means, perhaps the entire human race.

Casting round for a solution at the end of the book, Professor Brown returns to the repressed unconscious. He fully accepts Freud's findings – indisputable now – on infantile sexuality, and subscribes to his portrait (it is not a strictly logical one) of the infant as a bundle of polymorph perverse tendencies the repression and sublimation of which produce the civilisation which is now imposing too great a strain. The only way to relieve this, he decides, is a new type of 'Dionysian consciousness' that will incorporate some of the body mysticism of Boehme with 'an androgynous mode of being and a narcissistic mode of self-expression'. Some new way of life is badly needed, but just how to put this one into practice with our present mental and physical equipment Professor Brown does not tell us. No doubt some of the

great submarine cephalopod culture on planets in other galaxies have solved the problem with their special anatomical advantages. For us it seems rather like Christ's commandment (which Freud found unrealistic), 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself', with a codicil, 'polymorph-perversely if necessary'.

But if Professor Brown's conclusion is muzzy his hopeful travels towards it are consistently interesting. He is apt at spotting affinities between Freud and the mystics. Blake's dictum, 'Energy is the only life and is from the body. Energy is eternal delight', is one of the better known pre-Freudian statements of the pleasure-principle and the primacy of the id which he fetches up. His wide philosophical reading enables him to dart swiftly and deftly from pole to pole, from the loftiest philosophical sentiments to the natural impulses of which they represent the sublimated expression. A large and rich section of the book is called 'Studies in Anality'. In this he applies his Freudian studies to the Protestant Reformation with special reference to Luther's ink-slinging matches with the Devil; to Marx's economics – which he criticises for not taking into account the power motive, though perhaps he does not attach enough importance to the cash nexus; and also to the writing and personality of Swift, whom he presents as a Freudian precursor. Swift with his obsessional ambivalent attitude towards the far end of the alimentary canal and its functions, is ever a sitting subject for psychoanalysis; as Professor Brown sees him he appears almost to have had insight into his own condition.

It might seem rather late in the day to discover that Freud effected a revolution in human thought, but this learned and gifted person has a zestful originality of mind that is most impressive, quite different from the jaded approach of so many Freudian fellow-travellers. Freud himself, you feel, with his penchant for creative speculation, would have sympathised with the way he alternates between strictly applied psychoanalysis and speculative flights.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Joseph Conrad: Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum. Edited by WILLIAM BLACKBURN. *Cambridge: Duke University.* 45*s.*

Mr Blackburn's industry in digging out Conrad's letters from the Blackwood archives would have been well worth while even if he had only printed one: Conrad's superb apologia for his craft and honour as a writer, provoked by an interview when his 'kind and patient' publisher had suggested he was perhaps being a bit slow. 'My work shall not be an utter failure because it has the solid basis of a definite intention – first: and next because it is not an endless analysis of affected sentiments, but in its essence it is action (strange as this affirmation may sound at the present time) nothing but action – action observed, felt and interpreted with an absolute truth to my sensations (which are the basis of art in literature) – action of human beings that will bleed to a prick, and are moving in a visible world.' But throughout the whole correspondence from 1895 to 1913, Conrad shows a single-minded concern with a writer's only business – to write his books – and refuses all distractions, whether Blackwood's suggestion of a 'general article', the *Bookman's* demand for a photograph ('My face has nothing to do with my writing'), or an impertinent request from those who cash in on a rising author: 'A publication called the *Smart Set* – heavens! What a name – has asked me, this very day, for a short story of 3-4 thou. words. An airy trifle of a thing – don't you know?' There is an impressive exposition of his aims in *The Rescue,* an

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advance sketch of *Heart of Darkness*, a discussion how best to cut *Lord Jim* for serial publication.

Very well, too, do his two correspondents come out of it – David Meldrum, the firm's literary adviser in London (whose letters to Blackwood about Conrad are also here), and William Blackwood, head of the firm in Edinburgh, and editor of the *Magazine*. He too has his professional pride: 'In correcting proof of *Karain* do not hesitate to make whatever corrections you may feel are decided improvements to the story, as Maga likes her contributors to do their very best, and does not grudge expense in revision of proofs when that is conscientiously done'.

J. A. S.

Philanthropy in England 1480-1660. By W. K. JORDAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

Professor Jordan has had an original and arresting idea: to discover something of the social aspirations of an age by examining the various charitable purposes for which it gave and bequeathed its wealth. This is the kind of subject on which vague notions and hazy generalisations abound. How far, for example, was money being devoted to monastic foundations in the last half century before the dissolution of the monasteries? What causes did sixteenth-century merchants and gentry consider most deserving of their generosity? In which periods between 1480 and 1660 were people most generous with their wealth? Did the different classes of society, or the different regions of England, list the deserving causes in the same order of priority?

These questions Professor Jordan sets out to answer through a meticulous examination of wills and bequests, and by employing a statistical approach which allows remarkably exact conclusions to be reached. Although it makes at times for heavy and even repetitive reading, Professor Jordan's careful use of statistical analysis is in itself one of the most original features of an original book. Graphs and tables help to drive home conclusions which will be of the greatest interest for anyone concerned with the history of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England, and with the whole process of the changing structure of English society and English social aspirations. For here we see how Elizabethan and early Stuart England thought about the great social problems, especially the problems of poverty and education, that confronted it; how it attempted to solve them; and the degree to which it succeeded. By directing a narrow but intense shaft of light into a dark corner, Professor Jordan has illumined an age.

J. H. E.

Brotherhood of Evil. By FREDERIC SONDERN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

On 14 November 1957 more than 60 of America's top criminals – all allegedly members of the Mafia – met in conference at Apalachin, New York, and were surprised by the police. No arrests were made at the time, but the various law enforcement agencies, from the state police to the FBI and the Bureau of Narcotics, duly noted the names of those attending. On 21 May, more than 27 of them were arrested in various places across the US and charged with 'impeding justice' because they refused to reveal what happened at the Apalachin meeting. This is the background to Mr Sondern's book, written with the enthusiastic collaboration of the Bureau of Narcotics, which has long been trying to break up the syndicates of Sicilian gangsters – Lucky Luciano, Frank Costello, Adonis and Anastasia are the big names – who dominate US crime and especially the dope rackets, to which a majority of American crimes are attributed. It is an interesting book, and after studying the organisation of these gangsters, their code of silence, and the complexities of American law, the reader will no longer be surprised that it has taken the US Attorney-General nearly 18 months to get round to arresting some of them for a nominal offence. But, in seeking to write up to the sensational material which has been put at his disposal, Mr Sondern has often over-written it. I do not doubt that much of his material is accurate – or, at least, that it is taken from official files – but I can spot a number of errors that shake my confidence in his know-all style. There is, moreover, a good deal of muddle in his description of the origins and character of the Mafia, and if a melodramatic explanation can be given to facts he prefers this to a simpler one.

N. M.

The Attorney in Eighteenth Century England. By ROBERT ROBSON. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

In law, nothing is certain but the expense. In legal history, no one is certain but the lawyer. Introducing Dr Robson's valuable addition to the Cambridge Studies in Legal History, Professor Holland remarks, accordingly, that to make legal history the preserve of professional lawyers would be to condemn it to extinction, since 'research upon the relation of law to life has been meagre' (a fact seldom so frankly acknowledged). Attorneys and solicitors were separate classes of the legal profession until the middle of the eighteenth century. This book tells the story of their amalgamation – the supersession of the attorney, who dated from the thirteenth century, by the solicitor, who was coming into his own as a kind of quack in the eighteenth. (Odd, but historically significant, that the Solicitor-General is still junior to the Attorney-General.) 'In our age,' wrote a Gray's Inn member in 1635, 'there are stepped up a new sort of people called solicitors, unknown to the records of the law, who, like the grasshoppers in Egypt, devour the whole law.' They still have a powerful appetite, but few people would deny that they are now the backbone of the entire legal system in this country. If they were abolished, in pursuit of some notion that their work could be done by barristers, we should soon have to invent something similar; the English legal system has grown up round the duality, and it has taken a long time; you do not dig up an oak tree to kill the mistletoe.

For all that it is a relatively short book – 170 pages – this work of Dr Robson's must have entailed prodigious research among archives dustier than Doctors' Commons itself. It will become a source-book and a sign post for future historians of the eighteenth century, and it is stamped throughout with scrupulous and diffident authenticity.

C. H. R.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,543 **Set by Man Friday**

This month sees the tercentenary of Robinson Crusoe's landing on the desert island; the 250th anniversary of the birth of Dr Johnson; and a Russian rocket hitting the moon. Competitors are invited to submit *either* Crusoe's reflections on his rocket-wreck on the moon *or* Dr Johnson's comments on the Russian achievement in conversation with Boswell. Limit, 150 words; entries by 29 September.

Result of No. 1,540 **Set by Paul Johnson**

The latest pre-election propaganda put out by the Conservative Central Office shows the late William Shakespeare exclaiming, as the benefits of Tory rule are unrolled, 'That alone would get my support'. The usual prizes are offered for the best ten lines as by Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson or Dylan Thomas, explaining why he is proposing to vote Conservative.

Report

NS readers seem more squeamish than the Conservative Central Office in appropriating the muses for propaganda. Or perhaps *Form* has not been so widely circulated as the Tories originally planned. Anyway, entries for this competition were below par, and too many of them missed the point, which was to suggest the incongruity of the great poet innocently sponsoring a crude piece of hack political advertising. Wordsworth, as I expected, provided the most satisfactory openings, and Jeremiah Sowerby wins first prize for his guileless piece of irony – also, incidentally, the best pastiche among the entries.

The chief difficulty seemed to be to find a reason why any of the specified poets should vote Conservative (perhaps I should have included Macaulay who, though a Whig, strenuously defended flogging in the Services). L. G. Udall got nearest to it with the neat suggestion that Shakespeare couldn't afford to oppose the party which provided for his patron:

> Let him be out of place, then loses he
> His seat on many a board, down goes his glory.
> See'st thou the play? Our loyal Will votes Tory.

Other suggestions were, of course, that Dylan Thomas approved of cheaper beer, and believed in 'the community of commuters silent in the cacophony of capital begetting capital', because the Tories down the upstarts – 'for without downing how should I have started?' (Rufus Hopkins). W. G. Daish made Chaucer approve imperialism:

> As wel, whenas I to the poles,
> Ridden in ne Forde but in a Roles

Tennyson, too, emerged as a strong Empire man – which indeed he was – but is more difficult to imitate than he appears; none of his utterances sounded much in character.

It was, of course, easier – and more on a level with the Tory comic itself – merely to adapt the most famous quotes. R. Kennard Davis produced a clever concoction of actual Shakespearean lines: 'Now all Labour mars what it does' (*Antony and Cleopatra*); 'Sir Hugh persuade me not' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), but the total effect was too much of a jumble. Gloria Prince scored with her last lines from Dylan Thomas:

> And I can only tell the waiting world
> It will not matter much when all is over.

But this hardly counts as Conservative support; nor did Annie Allen's Chaucerian catalogue of the party leaders, though I liked her final line:

> Of this tale maked Chaucer na more.

Three guineas to Jeremiah Sowerby; although her scansion was a bit shaky and the suggestion of propaganda forgotten, Barbara Roe's Dylan Thomas was funny enough to deserve a second prize of two guineas, while Nancy Gunter gets a guinea for her tellingly simple Wordsworth.

Yet one I know, amid the dubious crowd,
Who, called at last to take the Nation's lead,
Came suddenly to see that simple things
By virtue of their Nature can relieve
A mind too taxed by abstruse questionings.
He, to a plainer life now dedicate,
Renounced the elegance of former days
And, though advanced in years, became for all
A simple crofter from the Scottish hills.
To sturdy Harold M. I give my vote.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

It is my very first time of polling,
Brought to my notice by Lily the Labour last night
With her saying 'Give me your vote, Dyl,
So that I,
So much at home in
An argument, can leave this town of the dead
And shout my head off along with Hugh and Nye'.
Myself to be left
Here lonely,
By one vote perhaps? Not on your life.

BARBARA ROE

I pondered deeply as to whom
My helpful Vote I should allot,
When all at once I spied in bloom
Within my modest garden-plot
A truly blue Forget-me-not.
'Blest flower', I cried, 'My doubts have flown,
No single one is left alive,
For thro' your gentle hint alone
No longer need I fret and strive,
But gladly vote Conservative'.

NANCY GUNTER

City Lights

Welcome to Your Gory Bid

Bank mergers are uncommon enough nowadays to deserve notice: notice, then, that the Commercial Bank of Scotland and the National Bank of Scotland have finally managed to merge themselves into a new National Commercial Bank of Scotland, the largest of the Scottish banks, with 30 per cent. of the total deposit business and some £300m of assets to manage. The merger has taken many months of negotiation. The right to issue notes, in particular, had to be carefully safeguarded, a new issue designed, and £72m of notes printed; the new £1 note is not unlike one of Grandma's fivers in size and colour, the chairman feeling that every Scot should have his chance. This chairman of the new bank, by the way, is the ex-general manager of the Commercial, a man who has been in banking for a relatively short time and was for some years professor of accountancy at Glasgow: the bank took the opportunity of the merger to get rid of its old system of Governor, Deputy Governor and Extraordinary Directors, the latter unpaid and allowed to attend only occasional meetings as a privilege, and to provide itself with a full-time professional board. The National Commercial is likely to be a pushful bank. It already has a sizeable hire-purchase business not only at home but in Africa, where it has been expanding rapidly in company with Lloyds.

It also seems quite prepared to lead the Scottish banks in abandoning the textbook notion that banks borrow short and must therefore lend only for self-liquidating purposes; the general introduction of long-term loans and the attraction of long-term deposits, with the rates given and charged matched to the length of the transaction, would give the financial system a useful shake-up.

* * *

A new fashion has been introduced into the stock market recently, one which seems likely to put a damper on the boom in new issues. Maroc, a Birmingham property company, announced three weeks ago that it was in the middle of bid negotiations. This week the bid was disclosed; it was from Guinness Mahon, the merchant bankers, on behalf of unknown clients, and was of 19s. a share, several shillings below the prevailing market price. The board, however, which holds just under half the company's capital, is accepting. The same thing happened recently, when the directors of Webley & Scott, holding a controlling interest, accepted a bid well below the market from a mushrooming industrial holding company called Arusha. The same thing, too, is happening with Mr Felix Fenston's Eron Investments, for which City Centre Properties is bidding a price very substantially below the recent peak; for the sake of decency, in this case, the market value of the City Centre shares which are being offered has risen very sharply since the offer was announced. The investor who buys shares in a fashionable director-controlled company, usually paying a stiff price for them, now has to run the risk of being faced with a bid below the market price—a bid which he is forced to accept unless he is prepared for the hazards of a minority shareholder's life.

He was, of course, a minority shareholder already, but one of a different kind: he was, or

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thought he was, riding on the family bandwagon. Most of the new companies which have come to market in the past couple of years have been family businesses, and the investor has at first been offered no more than the minimum number of shares on which the Stock Exchange insists before it will allow a quotation; rarity has given them value, and their price has often risen to extraordinary levels. The general atmosphere of boom has been partly responsible. Every new issue is heavily and successfully stagged, the background is full of mysterious financiers negotiating, bidding and taking over, the success of one stock enables half-a-dozen others to boom for a while through mistaken analogy. But behind this lies the gullible greed of the speculator. He knows that from time to time the owners of a first-rate company are forced to part with a few shares for the sake of a quotation and that it is then possible to ride on the family bandwagon very profitably; the difficulty is to pick the right company and to ensure that the directors' interests are one's own. One example is Mr Clore's recently floated property company. Others are the companies which were floated a couple of years ago with debentures, held by the directors, to be redeemed out of profits. Dividends were low because of the need to pay off the debenture, but there was room for increasing them sharply – and with them the price of the shares – if the directors chose to vary their financial arrangements.

Company News

Journalists have their own reasons for pressing the virtues of half-yearly statements. This is still a dry time of the year for company news, and three of the main statements of the week have been half-yearlies – two of them mildly disappointing to an optimistic market. *British Petroleum* has sold precisely the same tonnage of oil and products during each of its last three half-yearly periods, but falling prices have cut its profit margin in the last and higher sales taxes have made its net profit somewhat lower than it was in the first half of 1958. Its interim dividend, nevertheless, has been raised a little: a lower standard rate of income tax means that a tax-free dividend has to be raised to keep its gross value, and a total of ten per cent. tax-free now seems a reasonable minimum for the year. *Bowater Paper* has been thoroughly tipped on both sides of the Atlantic as a recovery stock because of the unusually high gearing of its equity. Its sales and profits for the half-year have risen only modestly, with part of its new capacity still under-employed, and the second half-year will reflect the effect of the printing strike – the slight rise in the interim dividend has no definite implication for the year's total. The essence of the matter, however, is that the recession has passed quickly enough for the group's rapid financial structure to survive rapid expansion; now, sooner or later, the equity will benefit.

The steel industry is expanding, however reluctantly, and its suppliers are prospering. *Steetley*, which makes refractory materials and supplies the third set of half-yearly figures, is obviously doing well, though the share price discounts it; *Davy-United*, which makes all kinds of engineering capital equipment for the steel industry, is doing well and the market knows it, but the chairman now suggests that the order book is comfortable for the next few years.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 514. Learning from Mistakes

Preferably, of course, from our own; and most of us, no doubt, are not lacking in such opportunities. Meanwhile, when famous masters give us the benefit of their masterly if none-the-less human errors, and when we have them elucidated by one of Max Euwe's penetrating *Schach-Echo* analyses, we had better follow the guide. Here then (Toran-Sanguinetti) is a most interesting and far from easy P-ending from last year's Team Tournament. /3rk3/5pp1/2p1p2p/4P3/p1P5/P7/1P4PP/2KR4/. Black had just played . . . P-R5, so as to restrain the White Q-wing majority, for the time being, at any rate: and since the White R can't afford to concede to Q-file (thereby allowing . . . R-Q5 and abandoning the QBP) White went in for the P-ending by (28) R x R, K x R; (29) K-Q2. Now this was, undoubtedly, a mistake while (29) P-B5! would have made Black's win illusory, to say the least. However, White's blunder is countered by Black's . . . P-KB4, a mistake which ought to give White a new lease on life (but doesn't). Black ought to have played . . . P-QB4! which would have given him a clearly won ending, such as (30) K-B3, P-KB3; (31) P x P, P x P; (32) P-QKt3, P x P; (33) K x P, K-B2, and the Black K will march to QR4 and then send this centre-pawns victoriously forward. What actually happened after Black's faulty 29th was (30) P x P e.p., P x P; (31) K-B3. Yet another blunder since, by (31) P-B5! (as we shall see), White could have secured a draw. But Black failed to grasp his chance immediately by . . . P-QB4!, with an easy win; he played (31) . . . P-K4?, thereby giving White yet another chance of securing the draw by P-B5. Instead White blundered by (32) K-Kt4??, and after . . . P-K5 he saw the errors of his way by (33) K-B3. Now Black could have had an easy win by either . . . P-KB4 or . . . P-R4, or even by . . . P-QB4, but he preferred . . . K-K2??, a horrible mistake which should not only throw away Black's win but forfeit the draw too; it should, but it didn't, for White failed to see his chance of first isolating the opponent's passed P by P-KKt4! and then proceeding to create a distant passed P of his own on the QR-file. Instead he blundered by (34) P-QKt4?, P x P e.p. (35) K x P, P-R4!; at long last, Black has seen that, what mattered, was to stop White's P-KKt4, and now the win was quite easy.

(36) P-Kt3, K-Q3; (37) P-QR4, P-QB4; (38) K-B3, K-B3; (39) P-R3, P-B4; (40) K-Q2, K-Kt3; (41) K-B3 K-R4; (42) Resigns.

Now a quick glance at the advantages of (31) P-B5!, best countered by . . . P-B4, so as to restrain the White KKtP once and for all.

(32) K-B3, P-K4; (33) P-QKt3, P x P; (34) K x P, K-B2; (35) K-B4, K-Kt2; (36) P-Kt3, K-R3; (37) K-Kt4, P-R4! [Best of many interesting variations]; (38) P-KR4, P-B5; (39) P x P, P x P; (40) K-B4, P-B6; (41) K-Q3, K-Kt4; (42) K-K3, K x P; (43) K x P, K-B5; (44) K-K4! (K-B4?), P-B4; (45) P-R4, K-Kt5; (46) K-Q3!! (K-Q5??),

and White will just manage to draw.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win by one mighty move. **B**, a win (for 6 ladder-points) is a classic, simple and instructive. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw.

A: *Kaltofen*, 1958 /3r2k1/5ppp/Q2p1ktkt1/4pKt2/2R1P3/P5PP/2B1qPK1/8/.

B: *Henri Rinck:* /16/P5rk/16/KpR5/16/.

C: *F. J. Bondarenko:* 1959: /8/1p1pKt2B/5R2/2P5/k1P5/p1P3p1/P5p1/r3Kt1Kb.

Usual prizes. Entries by 28 September.

REPORT on No. 511. Set 29 August

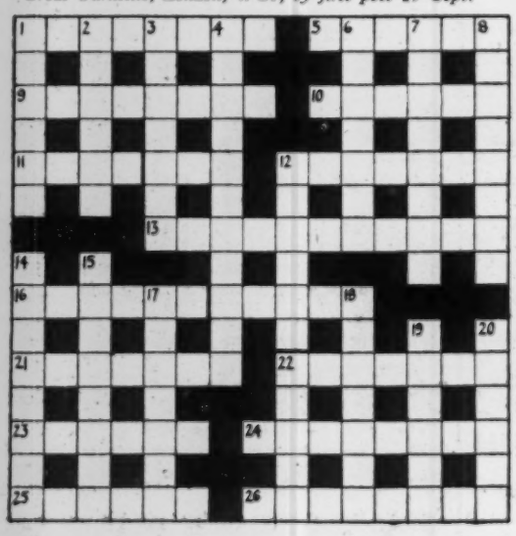
A: QxP ch!, followed by P-K6.
B: (1) P-B7! (P-Kt6 ch?), Kt-Q2; (2) P-Kt6 ch, K-R1; (3) Kt-K8, P-R7; (4) P-B6 etc.
if (2) . . . K-R3; (3) P-Q, KtxQ; (4) Kt-B7 mate.
C: (1) Kt-QKt5, Kt-Kt3! (BxKt?); (2) B-B4 ch, K-R1 (best); (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-R2; (4) B-K3, K-Kt2; (5) P-R5, K-B5!; (6) Kt-Q6 ch!!, KtxKt ch; (7) K-Q7, Kt-B1; (8) P-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (9) Kt-Kt5, B-Kt2!; (10) P-R7 ch!, KtxP; (11) B-B4 ch, K-R1; (12) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (13) Kt-Q5 ch, K-R1; (14) Kt-Kt6 mate.

Many bouquets for **C** which is, indeed, quite a beauty. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, M. A. Anderson, W. H. L. Brooking, M. P. Furmston.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 371

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 371, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 29 Sept.



ACROSS

1. Signalling system to indicate correctness of a ship's manœuvre (8).
5. This weapon would do for one of our former enemies if the doctor were missing (6).
9. Mingling again when I come back before the final count in boxing (8).
10. Keeps a means of punishment (6).
11. The policewoman makes a not unlawful arrest? (4, 3).
12. Those who make progress about a means of buying back animals (7).
13. County for the renting of television in pubs (11).
16. Grammatical forecast of no relaxation (6, 5).
21. Tool for a bridge? (7).
22. Leg protection for a footballer (7).
23. The gentleman in love is a god (6).
24. Told, but not about the Manx (8).
25. Enlist to join battle (6).
26. Medicines? Yes and no perhaps (8).

DOWN

1. Duty list (6).
2. Sweetmeat which has to arrive in good condition, by the sound of it (6).
3. Vehicle for a team caught in a flap (7).
4. The plotter is against before the list is torn up (11).
6. Officer commanding the leading American submarine (7).
7. A former Communist leader had legislation introduced for the causes of diseases (8).
8. Withstood like a saint in the grip of tortuous desire (8).
12. The wedding scene permits the nagger enter in disguise (6, 5).
14. Miss Laski wrote about such an island (8).
15. The farm gets up without a sound (8).
17. There is evil in the commercial racket in washing (7).
18. Gem-stone for which the shifty dealer is given about a thousand (7).
19. No volcanic discharge rises in this legendary place (6).
20. Confidential remarks as about the team (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 359

P	I	P	L	T	S		S	T	U	B	B	O	R	N
A		O	H			E		O		L		U		
R	E	L	I	E	F		D	R	O	W	N	I	N	G
A		I	R			P		D		Y		E		
D	O	C	K	E	R	S		S	I	L	V	E	R	N
I		I		I		T		I		E		R		T
G	R	E	E	N	G	R	O	C	E	R				
M		S			A	H					E		R	
			P	E	N	T	O	N	V	I	L	L	E	
S		W		R		G		R		I		D		D
C	L	I	M	A	T	E		E	N	T	E	R	I	C
A		N		L		W				A		I		R
M	A	D	R	I	G	A	L		C	L	O	T	H	O
P		U		N		Y				L		C		S
S	U	S	P	E	N	S	E		T	Y	P	H	U	S

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YORK Mental Health Service. There is a vacancy for a Trainee Social Worker in the York Mental Health Service. Appointment for one or two years. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Health Services Salary Scale for Social Workers. This post offers useful practical experience to persons holding the Social Science Diploma or equivalent qualification, and intending to take further training in social casework. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, to be submitted to the Medical Officer of Health, 9 St Leonard's Place, York, forthwith. T. C. Benfield, Town Clerk.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from Sec., Probation Advisory and Training Board (SC), Home Office, Princeton House, 271-277 High Holborn, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Staff Tutor. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Staff Tutor, Department of Tutorial Classes, University of Sydney, at Newcastle, NSW. Applicants should possess an Honours degree in either Economics or Economic History; History; Literature; Psychology or Philosophy. The appointee will work under the direction of the Director of Tutorial Classes and will be required to conduct tutorial classes, discussion groups and other adult educational activities. Salary will be within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 24 October 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Teaching duties will be predominantly in modern or medieval English literature according to the qualifications and interests of the successful applicant. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275; for a senior lecturer the salary will be £1,315, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 October, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh and South-Eastern Regional Hospital Board. Joint In-Service Training Scheme for Clinical Psychologists. Applications are invited for three newly established posts as Clinical Psychologists (Probationer) at hospitals in the South-East Scotland Hospital Region. Applicants must have a 1st or 2nd class honours degree in Psychology or other approved qualifications. Successful candidates will be expected to study for the Diploma in Clinical Psychology awarded by the University of Edinburgh. Time will be made available for the candidate to attend the Diploma Course, and a system of secondment will ensure that each trainee has supervised in-service training in every aspect of clinical work available in the Board's Mental Health Services. Further details may be had on application to the Department of Psychological Medicine, 2 George Square, Edinburgh, 8, or to the Department of Psychology, Old College, Edinburgh, 1. The salary of trainees will be in accordance with Whitley Council recommendation. Applications, giving details of experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, South-East Scotland Regional Hospital Board, 11 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, 3, within seven days.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-Western Derbyshire with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £900×£50 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700×£50 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appn. may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 30 Sept., 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and appln forms may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Sub-Editors for its domestic News Service. Recruitment will be to the central newsroom, from which promotion is possible in competition into all journalistic posts serving both Sound and Television up to highest editorial grades. Candidates must have journalistic experience, preferably as sub-editors. Work involves day and night shifts. Salary as Sub-Editor £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Posts are pensionable after qualifying period. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1293 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Southampton. Research Assistant required by the Department of Economics for a research project into British investment in the United States and Canada. Salary £650/£700. Duties to commence 1 October, 1959. Applications (5 copies), together with names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary and Registrar, University of Southampton, by 26 September, 1959, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE Durham Colleges in the University of Durham. Board for Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in History, preferably with special interest in Local History or Archæology, from 1 January 1960. The salary will be on the scale £900-£1,650, with FSSU benefits and Family Allowances. Applications (three copies), together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 3 October 1959, to the Secretary, 38 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Beverley High School for Girls. Appointment of Headmistress. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress of the Beverley High School for Girls, which is a two-form entry grammar school drawing pupils from Beverley and the surrounding area. The school is in Group 12 for salary purposes. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, to whom the completed forms should be returned by 24 October, 1959. It is hoped that the successful candidate will take up duty at the beginning of the Summer Term, 1960.

ADULT Education: a Tutor Organiser to develop adult education in Bristol is required, by the Western District of the WEA. Applicants should hold a University degree in Economics or kindred subjects and should have a special interest in trade union affairs. Salary scale £650×£50 to £1,200; the starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience. Full details from District Secretary, WEA, 7 St. Nicholas Street, Bristol 1, to whom appins should be sent by 3 October.

HOUSEMASTER (single accommodation only) required at Ardale (Senior) Approved School, Stifford, nr Grays, Essex, to take charge of house for 48 boys aged 15-17+ years. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential, previous experience desirable. Salary within scale £540-£880 less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry; 3 weeks' annual leave. Dets and applin form from Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1901), County Hall, London, SE1.

GOVERNMENT Information Services. Pensionable posts for men and women as (a) Principal Information Officer (b) Senior Information Officer (c) Information Officer (d) Assistant Information Officer in the Central Office of Information and/or other Government Departments, requiring good standard of general education, lively interest in current affairs, wide general knowledge, and experience in one or more of: general publicity work, journalism, book editing, proof reading, preparation of reference material, social research, arranging and conducting tours, design and organisation of exhibitions, art and design, film and photographic work, production of radio tapes. Good publicity sense and organising ability essential. Knowledge of Government organisation an advantage. London salary scales (men): (a) £1,780-£2,000 (b) £1,395-£1,660 (c) £1,150-£1,390 (d) £997 10s. (at 18) to £675 (at 25), rising to £1,085. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 76/59. Closing date 13 October 1959.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited for the above post in a hostel for discharged male mental patients which is situated in Birmingham and accommodates approximately 14 persons. This hostel is a new venture and will be run in conjunction with the City Psychiatric Social and Community Care Service. Applicants should be experienced in community care work and in the rehabilitation of the mentally sick. Salary Scale: if applicant is married and wife is prepared to act as housekeeper-cook, £975-£1,035 per annum; if otherwise £875-£925 per annum. A charge of £300 per annum will be made for board residence of husband and wife. Medical examination. Pension Scheme. Applications, giving relevant details, together with the names of two referees, should reach the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, not later than 30 September 1959.

DUNCROFT, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of Teacher to commence January 1960 at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Applicants must be qualified to teach general subjects up to GCE 'O' level. Special interest in English and Arts desirable. Resident or non-resident candidates will be considered. Salary on Burnham Scale according to experience and qualifications. Applications to the Headmistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on 374

The
BOOK MAN

2.20 NEXT SUNDAY

Edited by Alan Pryce-Jones

Introduced by J. W. Lambert

On September 20th, in this first programme of the new fortnightly series, Kingsley Amis and Kathleen Nott discuss with Colin Wilson his new book 'The Age of Defeat', and Ivy Compton-Burnett talks about her latest novel, 'The Heritage and its History'.

ABC TELEVISION NETWORK
Weekends in the North and Midlands
A Member of the Associated British Picture Corporation

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p. 373

THE Probation Service. Applications are invited from men with social science qualifications, or experience of social work, for training for probation work in London. Appointment as salaried probation officers will follow on successful completion of about six months initial training, during which maintenance allowances will be payable. Training will be continued after appointment. Details and application forms from Probation Division (Room 704), Home Office, 271-277 High Holborn, WC1. Last date for applications – 30 September 1959.

LONDON County Council. Health Visitors invited to apply for position of Centre Superintendent at Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre, Flood Walk, SW3. Centre activities are administered by voluntary committee. Whitley Scale for Health Visitors plus London weighting plus £50 allowance. Particulars and applic. forms (returnable by 21 Sept.) from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 1, 133 Fulham Palace Rd., W6.

THE Executive Committee of the Central After-Care Association invites applications for the post of Director of the Women's Division of the Association which will fall vacant on the retirement of the present Director at the end of the year. The Women's Division deals with the statutory after-care of girls released from borstal and certain categories of women released from prison. Administrative capacity and related experience and qualifications in social work are essential. Candidates should be women and at least 35 years of age. Commencing salary £1,298. Particulars and forms on which applications must be made are obtainable from CACA, 66 Eccleston Square Mews, London, SW1, and must be submitted by 25 Sept. 1959. Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

PSYCHOLOGIST (male) required by Ministry of Supply, Clothing and Stores Experimental Establishment, Farnborough, Hants, in Applied Psychology Section on design of military equipment aiming at greatest efficiency, comfort and safety in operation. 1st or 2nd class honours degree with psychology as main subject, or equivalent qualification required. Science or engineering background desirable. Salary scale £575 (age 21) to £925 (age 30) to £1,220. Candidates under 30 can later compete for pensionable posts. Forms from MLNS, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King St, London, SW1, quoting G.318/9A. Closing date 28 September 1959.

FAMILY Caseworker (experienced). The Birmingham Council of Social Service invites applications from qualified social workers with experience in Family Casework for a position of responsibility with its Personal Service Committee. Interesting post with scope for development. Superannuation Scheme. Salary according to experience and Professional Scale. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 161 Corporation St, Birmingham 4.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker, whole-time or part-time, in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt Western Rd, Glasgow, W2, not later than 30 September, 1959.

DUNCROFT, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for senior girls.) Applications are invited for the post of Sewing Instructress at the above school which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to qualifications and experience. Board and lodging is provided at a charge of £126 p.a. Letter of application to Headmistress.

THE Prince of Wales's General Hospital, Tottenham, N15. Psychiatric Social Worker (part-time) reqd. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Application form from Secretary.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Dept of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Appls and enqs to the Hse Governor, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

ST Margaret's School, The Old Vicarage, Stockland Bristol, Nr Bridgwater, Somerset. Qualified Teacher required for group of 15 emotionally disturbed children. Burnham scale. Applications to: The Principals, St Margaret's Children's Home, Linden Avenue, Dorchester, Dorset.

THERAPISTS, Physio, Occupational and Speech, for Crippled Children's Outpatient Treatment Centres in various Ontario cities. Salaries commence at $3,000-$3,400 up. Immediate placement. Write Ontario Society for Crippled Children, 92 College St, Toronto 2, Canada.

TYPIST-Secretary required by Embassy, W2 area. References. Apply giving particulars. Box 11130.

EDITORIAL Secretary required for architectural magazine. French essential and some German an advantage. Box 11070.

PART-time sec. willing to teach Pitman's shorthand & typing wanted by West End school. Must have good speeds. Box 11193.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BENNETTS End Neighbourhood Association, Hemel Hempstead New Town. The Association wishes to appoint to its service a Warden-Youth Leader who will be responsible to the Association for the organisation of its activities in the new Centre opened in April, 1959 and for the organisation of the affiliated Youth Club. The post gives an opportunity for experiment and imagination in a joint enterprise in neighbourhood work. Salary £750 per annum. The post can be superannuable, and housing accommodation can possibly be made available. Applications, giving details of qualifications, age and experience and the two persons to whom reference can be made etc. to: The Secretary, Bennetts End Neighbourhood Association, c/o 46 Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead, Herts., marked 'BENA' Application.

HOSTEL for Working Girls (ESN School Leavers). Applications are invited for the following two resident posts at an experimental hostel in Leytonstone for educationally sub-normal working girls of school leaving age. To commence January 1960. A social worker will be attached to the hostel and staff case conferences are held with consultant psychiatrist and psychologist. (1) Warden (woman). Applicants should have teaching or other appropriate training; experience in special or approved schools an advantage. This post is open to single or married women. There is no accommodation for children. (2) Matron. Applicants should have qualifications and/or experience of household management including catering and cooking. Relevant residential experience an advantage. Salary in line with approved national scales for suitably qualified candidates. Application forms and further particulars from The General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

THE Association of Scientific Workers has vacancies for secretarial staff. A high standard of shorthand typing is necessary and a knowledge of Committee work and Minute-taking is desirable. Occasional evening work is needed. The work is very interesting and would appeal to those possessing some experience of trade union work or with a scientific or academic background. The commencing salary is £11 2s. 6d. Applications for interview should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary at 15 Half Moon Street, W1.

GRADUATE required as Programme Assistant by Organisation planning educational programmes in Europe for Americans. Must have initiative, knowledge of Europe and be able to deal with own correspondence. Salary £550 to £660 depending on qualifications. For details write Box No. 86, Press & General, 10 Welbeck Street, W1.

RESEARCH assistant in economic and political subjects wanted by national Sunday newspaper. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Box 10978.

ORGANISING secretary (male) required immediately for regional activities throughout UK by voluntary international child welfare organisation. Experience of fund-raising and branch structure important. Headquarters London with some travelling and public speaking. Dedication to cause essential. Salary and full particulars on application to Box 10987.

CONTROL Engineers. A national control-engineering magazine wants a qualified and experienced man to act as a roving reporter. He must be able to evaluate and report on control systems in a variety of industries. This is an excellent opportunity for a young engineer eager to take the broad view – he will get it in technical journalism. He will also get a very good salary. Details of age, qualifications, experience, ambitions, to Box 11122.

INTELLIGENT Secretary with good education required for interesting work with international Jewish organisation. Journalistic experience and working knowledge second language an advantage. Good salary, conditions. Please write full details. Box 11062.

WANTED: Competent and reliable assistant for old-established West End Antique Shop. Experience and first-class references essential. Box 11084.

BOOK-keeping teacher wanted one day per week by West End School. Might interest retired accountant. Box 10998.

ENGLISH-German (bilingual) Shorthand Typist required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Would consider part-time. Apply Box 11026.

WANTED. Active and capable lady, abstainer, under 40, to take charge of small postal bookroom in modern office. Simple bookkeeping desirable. Permanent position. Apply Secretary, Hope House, 45 Gt Peter Street, SW1.

DIRECTORS need able office staff (m. or f.). Please consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644.

MOTHER'S help required by professional woman. Must be responsible & able to take full charge of 2-year-old girl & nursery flat. Mother with baby welcome. Write, detailing experience, for interview. Box 11065.

INTELLIGENT, responsible, hardworking girl (21-35), some sense of humour, wanted as Secretary for two of the Partners. Good salary, L.V.s., no Sats. Write Architects' Co-Partnership, 44 Charlotte Street, W1 or 'phone LANgham 5791.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED: House Manager, able to soothe public, control staff and, most important, keep efficient books. Apply in writing: Theatre Royal, Stratford, London, E15.

BBC requires secretaries for the Italian service. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in Italian at speeds of 40-45 w.p.m. and working knowledge of English required. Successful candidates possessing suitable voices will be given the opportunity of speaking at the microphone during Italian broadcasts. Extra payment for this work. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, quoting SC.1200, N. Stm.

THE Labour Party requires senior and junior shorthand-typists in various departments at its headquarters. Interesting work, salary according to scale. Applications should be made to Mr Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

BOOK publishers require good secretary/shorthand typist able to use initiative and accept responsibility for editorial/production offices, WC2. Hrs 10-6, no Sats. Box 11131.

ASSISTANT Case-Work Secretary (lady) sought immediately by National Charity. The post is essentially a desk job. Preference will be given to experienced candidates under 50. Promotion prospects. Optional pension scheme. Salary by arrangement. Apply, with full particulars, to Box 11067.

PA/SEC. 23/35 for Managing Director, Interior Decorators. Sal. to £700 plus l.v's. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1 HUN 0676

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Well-known firm of Antique Dealers req. expd secretary-shorthand/typist, who will have unique opportunity of being taught specialised branch of the antique busines. Apply Box 10921.

ST HILDA'S College, Oxford. Lady cook (head of three) for Michaelmas term. Good salary, good conditions, IMA training preferred, experience essential Further particulars from the Bursar, St Hilda's College.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. Tel. MUS 7379.

DOCTOR in SE Lancs industrial town, struggling to run single-handed NHS practice and big old-fashioned house, desperately wants working housekeeper. Widower, 3 children away at school. Box 11138.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, late 50's, versatile, resourceful economiser, accountancy, all clerical work, able to run office cheaply & efficiently, languages, etc., wants to change to socially more useful employment for his last decade before retirement. Remun. less important. London area. Box 10585.

OXFORD history graduate, 28, teaching, research exp., trained secretary, reqs interesting post, England or abroad. Box 11121.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1 CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

NOVELS, short stories, articles, plays, &c., expertly typewritten. Mod. charges. Mrs Hosegrove, 45 Broadway, Exeter, Devon.

MSS swiftly, intelligently typed. Beverley Yass, 59 Weald Lane, Harrow.HAR. 1106.

JORIE Typing Service, English, German, 8 Beverley Gardens, NW11. MEA. 1397.

DUPLICATING (Reports, Price-Lists, Programmes, Circulars). Typing translations Mabel Eyles and Partners, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11 (ENT. 3324).

FOOD AND DRINK

ADD zest to life with a glass of El Cid, Spain's finest Sherry. A lovely, light Amontillado that glows with the imprisoned sunshine of Andalucia.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD. One dble-room flatlet, 5 gns., one sgle-room flatlet, 3½ gns., central heating, c.h.w., use kitchenette, bath & toilet on each flr, light, linen & serv. Apply Housekeeper betwn 10 & 4 p.m. HAM. 5547.

LARGE furn. dble bed/sit. room, with kitchenette, h. & c. 4 gns. p.w. TUD. 0516.

GRADS. sk 3rd girl to share sunny Hampstead flat. Own large rm, £3. SWI. 2742.

LARGE attract. b/s. in private house N. London. H. & c., cooker, etc. Female student preferred. TUDor 5377 or Box 11037.

LANC. Gate stn. 4 men mid 20's seek 1/2 to share large furn. mews. AMB. 4112.

HIGHGATE furn. flat, 1 pers., all elec., bath, kit., 95s. wk. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

LADY offers bedroom & use facs. of small flat Central London, modern block; c.h., c.h.w., 3½ gns. inc. Box 11116.

BROMPTON. 1 of 3 men leaving s/c. top-floor flat; small bed-sit., share kitchen & bathrm, 2 gns. KEN 4375 evgs.

HAMPSTEAD. Self-contained flat, telephone. Young professional man to share with similar, £12 month. Box 11161.

UNIV. couple offers share huge cent. situated furn. flat with couple and child. Mutual baby-sitting 4 gns p.w. MAI 7169.

PLEAS. front rm for 1 or 2 pers; ckr, bas. 2 min. Highgate Tube. MOU. 9063.

LARGE single divan-room in woman doctor's maisonette. Use kit., bath. £11 mthly. PRI. 1202 before 12.30. Avail. 3 Oct.

CHELSEA. Charming sunny room, needs considerate adult tenant term-time only. Use of kitchen, bath, 'phone, etc. Breakfast if reqd. 3 gns. FLA. 8898 or Box 11077.

LARGE bed-sit. for lady, quiet hse. Ckg facs, hot water, etc. HAM. 4696.

KENSINGTON. Suit yng prof./bus. woman. Sm. b/s in priv. flat, own phone, use kit., bath. Newly dec. 47s 6d. FLA. 0610

MODERN dble & sgle b/s. from 50s. 39 Drewstead Rd, SW16. STR. 8272.

LGE pleas. b/s for yg woman. Nr Finchley Rd Tube. 3 gns. MAI. 2413 (evgs).

SWISS Cottage. Unfurnished self-contained garden flat; 3 rooms, bathroom, kitchen. 5-year lease (renewable), £5 p.w. inc. £200 towards recent conversion. PRI. 2147.

BRIGHT, cosy sgle room, mod. furn., central heating, c.h.w., k'ette, lux. bthrms, linen, service. 4 gns inclus. HAM. 0845.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful lge single b/s. rm, 4 gns p.w. inc. serv. PRI. 0488.

3 GNS. Sunny room with breakfast & all amenities, Waterloo 10 mins. VAN. 5478.

HAMPSTEAD, Heath Street—woman 25/35 required to share flat with two others. Own large room. HAM. 3693 before 9 a.m.

FURN. single room, Maida Vale mansion flat, use k. & b., cleaning. Box 11045.

PLEASANT room in young couple's flat, dinner if wanted. AMB. 4783.

BEAUT. furn. bedrm & sitting-rm, use kit. & bathrm in comf., quiet flat in lovely part of Hampstead. Box 11101.

LARGE single room furnished. St John's Wood. Young household. Box 11119.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Sgle. rms. Write to Sec., 250 Camden Road, Lond., NW1.

CARDIFF, comf. quiet b/s. rm with bkfst, use k./b. 19 Wembley Rd, Canton.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SCHOOLMISTRESS sks London flatlet/room(s), privacy, pref. NW (amateur oboist, otherwise inaudible). Box 10932.

LADY, elderly, reqs. furn. b/sit., kitchenette, NW or SW. Box 11104.

PROF. girl (24), studying evenings sks accom. w. reduced rent for sitting-in/occ. secretarial help. Early Oct. Hamp./central pref'd. Refs. Rees, ENF. 0535. Box 11099.

SOLICITOR'S daughter requires inexpensive furnished flat Hampstead, sleep three, 10 mths from Oct. Box 10898.

CHEAP single and double rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Blaber, Royal College of Art, SW7.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR sale: enchanting small hotel-restaurant in unspoiled Provençal village. For details, write in French, to proprietor, M. Mandouce, La Bonne Auberge, Bargemon, Var, France; or in English, Box 11044.

PROPERTY WANTED

DR seeks house 5 mile radius Gower St Max. £5,000. Box 10909.

BUSINESS FOR SALE

COFFEE Farm, 810 acres, in Southern Highlands of Tanganyika, 25 miles from Rhodesian border. 50 acres young bearing Coffee. Good permanent water. Attractive dwelling house. £7,000 or offer. Box 785, c/o Dawson's, 129 Cannon St, London, EC4.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 376

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
Faculty of Commerce and Social Science

NOTICE TO GRADUATES AND THOSE ABOUT TO GRADUATE IN SCIENCE

The Faculty offers a one-year course for graduates wishing to prepare for a career in management, leading to the Graduates' Commerce Diploma.

Applications for admission to the course starting in October, 1959, and requests for further information, should be made immediately to Registrar, University of Birmingham, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.

Financial support will be available for suitable candidates.

FRENCH DRAMA GROUP
Under John Tucker, Dr de l'Université
Wednesdays 7.30-9.30
Also Music Appreciation, Oil Painting, Fabric Design and Printing, Pottery, Drama, Speech & Movement, French, Spanish, German and Italian Conversation, Fencing, Badminton, Ballroom Dancing, Dressmaking, Cookery.
At LCC Evening Inst., Peckham Schl, Peckham Rd, SE15. Enq. ROD 4417, evgs

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GOLDSMITHS' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266). Evening classes include: Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age, Hedley Bull; Criminology, Dr Terence Morris; Chinese Civilisation, Dr Cyril Birch; Aspects of Mental Health, Dr J. Wing, Dr Jack Tizard, Dr A. D. B. Clarke and Mrs Ann Clarke; The Advancing Front of Science, F. Greenaway; The German Novelle, Miss L. Schatzky; The Changing Portrait, Miss Maria Shirley; Handel and Purcell, Anthony Milner. Enrolment from 21 September. Classes begin 28 September; fee 8s. to 24s. according to class. For Prospectus (free) with full details of these and 180 other courses, write or phone.

LABAN Art of Movement Centre, London. Evening Courses: (a) Listen and Move, practical weekly classes in the relationship of sound, music and dance, beginning 6 October, 7 p.m. (b) Choral Dance Drama for mixed group, weekly rehearsals beginning 8 October, 7 p.m. Both courses held at St John's and All Saints' C. of E. Secondary School, Exton Street, off Waterloo Road, London, SE1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

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73 'Leisure-Time' Courses in Religions of the World, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, India, Archaeology, Furniture & Decorative Arts, Natural History, Languages, Women of Other Countries, Beyond London, Literature, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel – Italy, Spain, Turkey, USA, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1 (EUS. 1816). Courses commence Monday, 28 September – enrolment from Monday, 21 September. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

REMINDER discussion courses in economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, SW1 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 22 and 24 Sept from 7 to 9 p.m. Fee 5s. enrol on opening nights. For details of classes in other areas 'phone VIC. 4266.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 12 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Autumn and winter courses at the Spanish Universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 12 October to 9 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

LANGUAGES by the Direct Method. French, German, Italian, etc. New Courses in Sept. English for Foreigners. Preparation for Cambridge Certificates. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford Street, GER. 1460.

GERMAN and French lessons given by Viennese lady teacher. University graduate (Vienna, Paris). All Exams. Box 10863.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Expert Tuition by native teachers. Priv. lessons, small classes, conversation groups. French courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

THE Re-education Centre (formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd.), 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Cainé and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

UNISCHOL Tutorial College, the specialists in Mathematics & Science. Unrivalled tuition by honours graduates in spacious, newly-equipped laboratories for all examinations. Apply Registrar, 308 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4. STAmford Hill 1908.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 4392.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from R. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GRBGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

PRIVATE tuition (Shorthand, Typing). Boarding for out of town students. Mable Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

RUSSIAN lessons by exp. lady teacher. 10s. 6d. p.l: sml group/indiv. TUL. 3297.

SPANISH private lessons by exper. Sp. grad. Schoolmaster. Sr Ariza. KEN. 5071.

CHINESE, Japanese, conv. 'O' 'A' level, evg intensive courses Mr Li, MOU 2615.

MATHEMATICS & Physics. Unquestionably the very best tuition evenings/week-ends all levels by ex-university lecturers now in tutorial business. Any problem solved from O-level to B.Sc. Hons degree in maths and physics. Fee 1 gn. per hr. Box 11125.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PAINTING Provides the Deepest Satisfaction. Expert professional tuition in informal atmosphere. For beginners the way to mastery of drawing and handling of colour. Write for broch.: London Atelier of Painting, 28 Finchley Rd, St John's Wood NW8.

PIANO, Harpsichord, Clavichord, Recorders, Plainsong. Exp. tuit. Pinner 2065.

PAINT with us if you are a beginner, for progress and lasting satisfaction. Ten years of success with absolute beginners. St John's Wood. Write Box 11098.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'SOCIALISM & World Poverty.' By John Papworth. 2s. 8d. post free from International Society for Socialist Studies, 22 Nevern Road, SW5.

'HOW Labour Governed, 1945-1951.' Fully documented record. Essential reading for all Socialists. 32pp 'Direct Action' pamphlet, 8d. post paid from Syndicalist Workers' Federation, 25a Amberley Rd, London, W9.

'BRITISH Economy & Working Class,' 1946-58. 2nd. edn revd. 2s 6d. plus 5d post. Workers League, 16 Reform St, SW11.

POSTURE, Habit & Health. An Introduction to the Alexander Technique by Eric de Peyer. Price 1s. 2d. (incl. postage) from Secretary, 7 Wellington Square, SW3.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6907.

LOW-priced French Books. Complete list of the famous 'Livre de Poche' series free on request. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, London, W1.

LIST s/h. books, fiction; Non-fiction, some 1st eds. 24 Gladwell Rd., London, N8.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

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PERSONAL

SUBURBAN home required for 18-year-old boy leaving provinces to work in London. Divorced parents and subsequent re-marriage causing special problems requiring understanding family with stable background capable of encouraging boy with evening studies, etc. Box 11095.

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INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Entrance fee suspended until 30 September. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquiries about membership from the Secretary, 17 Dover St, W1.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

DEANER Printers Ltd. for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3839/6040.

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LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 12-5 p.m.

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PERSONAL—continued

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September and October are ideal holiday months in Italy, Spain, Greece, Portugal, Morocco and the Canary Islands. You can be included on some of our Autumn parties, or we shall be delighted to arrange an individual holiday for you by air, boat or train. For full details please consult our Autumn and Winter Sunshine literature.

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A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept). Open all the yr round for children 2½-5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Further partics Tel. Princ. MOU. 0954.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational-work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

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Two cycles of
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18, 23, 28 Sept., 2 Oct. and
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A limited number of seats still available for first cycle

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Season opens 28 Oct. Rep. incl.: Un Ballo in Maschera, Boris Godunov, Der Rosenkavalier (in German). Programme available. Booking opens 24 Sept.

THE ROYAL BALLET

Season opens 19 Oct. with world première of John Cranko's 'Antigone'. Programme available. Booking opens 21 Sept.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu-Fri. 8. St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, S. 5, 8.15. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'. 'Most stimulating theatrical evening' —Daily Mail.

UNITY. EUS 5391. Com. Fri. 25 Sep. 7.45 'A Rocket for the Governor'. Mems.

CONCERTS

LIN JALDATI

First appearance in Britain.

Distinguished folk singer, who shared Anne Frank's last living moments in Belsen concentration camp, will present a programme of YIDDISH FOLK-SONGS (at the piano Dr Eberhard Rebling).

PLATO FILMS LTD has the honour to present 3 Commemoration Concerts.

A tribute to the memory of Anne Frank and all concentration camp victims of German fascism on the occasion of the 20th Anniversary of the Second World War.

Sunday, 20 Sept at 7.30 p.m. PRINCES THEATRE, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2. Tickets all bookable: Stalls 15s., 10s. 6d., 5s.: Dress Circle 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d.

From Princes Theatre Box Office (TEM. 6596) and Plato Films Ltd, 18 Greek St, W1. (GER. 4753/4).

Tuesday 22 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Houldsworth Hall, Manchester. Tickets all bookable: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. From Forsyth's, Deansgate, Lewis', Market St.

Thursday, 24 Sept. at 7.30 p.m. Jubilee Hall, Leeds. Tickets all bookable: 5s. From R. Barker & Co., 6-9 Albion Place, Leeds 1. (LEEDS 33099).

SITAR Recital by Miss Joya Bose (pupil of Ravi Shankar) on Fri., 25 September, at 7.30 p.m., at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC2. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. from The India Arts Society, 31A John Adam Street, WC2.

ENTERTAINMENTS

'General Speidel – The Archives Testify', 'The German Story' and 'Nazi Bombardment of London and Coventry'

now showing at

CONTINENTALE CINEMA
Earlsdon St, Coventry. (Buses 1 and 9.)

Retained for 3rd week by Public demand.

'German Story'

Coming to State Cinema, High Road, Leytonstone, E11, 25 October.

All these films distributed by Plato Films Ltd, 18 Greek St, London, W1.

(GER. 4753/4.)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 20 Sept.: La Vie Commence Demain (X). From 21 Sept.: Russian Film Season: The Cranes are Flying (U). Two Men and a Wardrobe (A).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Autumn Social and Dance, Sat. 19 Sept., 7.30-11 p.m., Argyle School, Tonbridge Street, WC1. Admission 2s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

A DIARY FOR ANNE

This moving and remarkable film, the most recent in the series THE ARCHIVES TESTIFY, will be screened in London on Sat., 19 Sept., 7.45 p.m., at UNITY THEATRE, Goldington St, NW1 (mems and affs.). Seats are now available from the Unity Box Office (EUS. 5391). They will be allocated in strict rotation. It is strongly advised to BOOK IN ADVANCE.

Lin Jaldati will present a programme of Brecht songs and Songs of the Resistance.

The film A DIARY FOR ANNE will also be screened at the Jaldati Recitals at the Houldsworth Hall, Manchester, on 22 Sept. and the Jubilee Hall, Leeds, 24 Sept.

ACADEMY GER. 2981. Morn. shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & 23 Sept.). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 20 Sept. 7 days. Yvonne Mitchell, 'Woman in a Dressing Gown' (A). 'My Wife's Family' (U).

HOLBORN Film Soc. Oct., '59-Apr., '60. 1st Sun., 3rd Tu. 1st 8 prog. Day at the Races, Valley of Peace, Stars of the Silent Screen (Huntley), I Vitelloni, Ecole Buissonière, Bespoke Overcoat, Belle et la Bête, Dead of Night, Double Indemnity. Selected Shorts. 14 shows 20s. 7 Sun./Tu. 13s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Inf. Hon. Sec., Cent Library, 198 High Holborn, WC1. HOL. 3411.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 19 Sept., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Ettore Colla, Iron Sculpture. Closing Saturday 19 September at 1 p.m. Admission 1s. Members free. 'Place': An environment of Paintings by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, Richard Smith. Private View Wednesday, 23 September at 6 p.m. Opener: Stefan P. Munsing. Exhibition dates: 24 September-24 October. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

FLOWER Arrangements Exhibitions, mounted by Floral Arrangements Association, Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, E2, 21-26 September. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Emilio Greco; Recent Sculpture. Weekdays 10-5. Sats 10-1.

SWITCH to Leisure Exhibition Labour-saving appliances, kitchens. Demonstrations daily. Until 24 October. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. Museum 1666.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W.1. Pottery by M. Cardew Pupils. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

HEALS Gallery, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. Margaret Marks pottery, mosaics and paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henghes – Sculpture. To 17 October. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings – John Bratby. From 22 Sept.

'LIFE in the GDR' – Information Exhibition and Film Show. 10th Anniversary of the German Democratic Republic. 28 Sept.-11 Oct. at Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. Admission free. 10-8 daily, 2-6 Sundays.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. (MAYfair 4419.) Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Karwar, Lionel Miskin and Francis Carr: Paintings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-19 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters – Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints.) Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 September. Admission 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Prints For The Bedroom. 1-26 September. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

PARIS Gallery, 1 Albany Tce., NW1 (Marylebone Rd/Park Sq. East). WEL. 7360. 10-6, 10-1. Post-War English Sculpture.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Larry Bigelow Exhibn. 10-6 Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'YOUTH AGAINST THE BOMB'

Saturday, 19 Sept. 7 p.m.

Denison House, Vauxhall Bri. Rd, SW1

PEGGY SEEGER	Folk Singer
BOB CATTERALL	Sec'y, London Region CND
APRIL CARTER	Sec'y, Direct Action Cttee
DAVID DRIVER	Theological Student
ANNE PETTER	School-girl
MIKE CRAFT	Medical Student

KERALA past and present. Hear John Platts Mills and Noru Guptu speaking about the southern Indian State whose Communist Government was recently dissolved by Presidential ruling. Friday 25 September, 7.30 at Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, WC1.

A DEBATE. 'That this House believes that the World has forgotten the meaning of Progress' – New Jewish Society, Edith Kemsley Room, 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m., Wed., 23 September.

'THREAT Of War And Your Vote'. Speaker, J. Read, Socialist Party of Gt. Britain Meeting, Hackney Town Hall, Mare Street, Monday, 21 September, 7.30. Admission free.

SHAW Society. A reading of Shaw's Farfetched Fables by Ellen Pollock & RADA students. Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 18 Sept. 7 p.m.; non-mems 2s. 6d.

AMERICAN Landscape: readings of poetry and prose. Followed by an open discussion on future policy. Ben Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. 8 p.m. Sun. 20 Sept.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs 24 Sept., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Role of Devotion in Spiritual Life'. Vedanta Mag. 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed., 23 Sept., 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism at the Cinema', Frank Jackson (Reynolds News Film critic). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

'DO We Remember Past Lives?' Public Lecture & Questions. Sun., 20 Sept., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD. 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 24 Sept. 'Philosophers and Philosophy.' Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEA Central London evening classes in many subjects begin Sept./Oct. Detailed programme to be had now from Miss V. Hassid, c/o WEA, 28 Woburn Sq, WC1. (MUS. 5570 or TER. 2935.) S.a.e. helps.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
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These courses are among the programme of over 350 University Extension courses organised in London and the Home Counties for the Session 1959-60. They begin in the early autumn and cover a wide range of interests.

Full details with brief descriptions of each course are contained in booklets divided into the following areas: London; Surrey and Croydon; Middlesex and South Hertfordshire; Essex, including Southend and East Ham.

Booklets (please state which required) and further information from: The Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, Malet Street, WC1.

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St Marylebone Literary Institute
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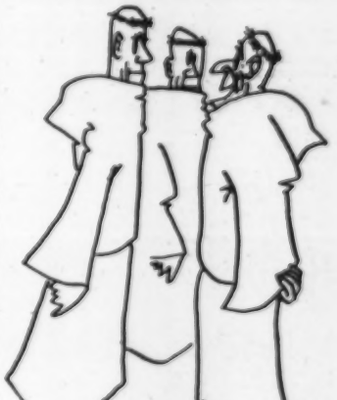
Details from: The Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. Tel: MUSeum 7425.

INTERNAT. Conference for Social Workers, 'The Modern Family and Social Work', Freundschaftsheim, Bückeburg, Germany, 23-28 Oct. £3 10s. Details from W. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

RUSSIAN Classes, Conversation practice, Lectures, Library: facilities for students, scientists. Term begins 1 Oct. Enrol now. Send s.a.e. for details to Secretary, Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR, 14 Kensington Sq. W8. Tel. WES. 1571.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 378



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